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Technocracy —

TEMPEST ON A SLIDE RULE

By Virgil Jordan

A slashing attack upon the engineering utopia by a practical economist who points to the vogue of Technocracy as an example of "escape psychology" on the part of business leaders.

THAT curious canard called "technocracy" which the ingenuous but ambitious publicity department of Columbia University recently sprang upon the bewildered, worried, weary, or bored business men, bankers, and brokers of these benighted States, will doubtless be remembered in some of its aspects as one of the more amusing episodes of the great stupidity depression of the nineteen-thirties; but in other respects it may turn out to be a rather grim joke on all of us by those grisly engineers on Morningside Heights who, like the hardy mountaineers of legendary days, "have hair in their ears and wear leather breeches."

On the comic side, consider, for instance, the sardonic spectacle of that pile of tax-free fiduciary funds called Columbia University, which keeps its academic ducklings fed on bond coupons, now so innocently nourishing in the educational nest this black swan of cold-blooded scientific analysis whose sibilant statistics sentence all this structure of debt claims to destruction. Strange stimulus to shy educational legacies! Consider also the crowd of newspaper reporters and magazine editors who clamor at Howard Scott's door at the Columbia engineering school and keep his telephone ringing with incessant demands for the deadly dynamite of differential equations and the graphic nitroglycerin that dooms them to ultimate extinction. Picture, too, the procession of solid citizens, including presidents of Chambers of Commerce, who, guided by the journalistic star of Alfred Emmanuel Smith, flock like fearsome Philistines to the cradle of Technocracy and sit at the feet of the engineering anti-Christ seeking the signs and portents promising that the Kilogram-calorie Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, and that the Trumpet of Technocracy blown by an engineering Gabriel will soon sound the day of doom across the celestial dome.

The humorous aspects of the technocratic scare are easy enough to enjoy for any one who has had any experience of the subtle arts of publicity, the amiable egotisms of engineers and economists, the pretentious superstitions of scientists, the innocence of some eminent business men, the greedy gullibility of the public, and the ignorance of the press. What is likely to escape us is the somewhat sinister significance of this episode as a symptom of the spiritual state of the American people at the moment, and particularly of the intellectual bewilderment and moral weakness of our business leadership.

For in the fascination which the terrors of the technocratic forecasts exercise over the troubled and tired business men who have sought its oracles, and in their frantic insistence upon savoring the full flavor of the summary sentence of extinction which the scientific sibyls at Columbia have pronounced upon the economic system, any one with insight into the psychological situation which the depression has caused in this country can detect traces of the strange suicide complex that has apparently seized the more sensitive minds in American business life today, moving them to their

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amazing masochistic surrender to destruction and their longing for annihilation and rebirth, even by revolution, if it offers some release from the fruitless struggle, the bewilderment and barrenness of the system by which they live today. The prolonged depression, the repeated disappointments over the prophecies of the high priests in political and financial circles, the apparent timidity and stagnation of spirit in responsible leaders all have led us to that strange inversion of our energies by which we prefer despair to hope, by which we find more pleasure in fear and flight or passive contemplation of catastrophe than in constructive vision or creative action.

This is more than a temporary reversion to puritan type in the American people, by which we have always been able to make virtues of our necessities and squeeze comfort out of our sacrifices or take pride in our privations. In essence, the technocratic craze is the counterpart, for this stage of cultural history, of the early Christianity of the Imperial Roman caves. The engineering school of Columbia University may not closely resemble the catacombs, but to some of the pilgrims who puzzle over the signs and portents which Howard Scott and his disciples spread out and interpret for the faithful, the fearful or the simple-minded on Morningside Heights, it undoubtedly seems like the humble manger of some modern mechanical Messiah, while Mr. Scott's causeries are a kind of statistical Sermon on the Mount.

The technocratic creed is essentially a scientific or statistical mysticism, more esoteric, stern and uncompromising than that of St. Paul. It drags out again the old mechanistic dogmas of Mach, and the old-fashioned materialism of the Feuerbach period, dresses them up in the latest statistical style and proposes a sort of thermodynamic dictatorship of the spirit. In its indifference to all human values, and its denial of the individual personality, it resembles the hard, hideous ideology of Marx; but it is much more up-to-date, for your technocrat considers the Communist Moses an old-fashioned sentimentalist and the Soviet Republic as a kind of wax-works of worn out ideas. The technocratic trinity is the erg, the electron, and entropy. Energy is its jealous Jehovah. There is no God but the kilogram calorie and the engineer is his prophet. Its gospel is the second law of thermodynamics; the technocratic testament is written in statistical tables and charts and its catechism in differential equations. If Mr. Scott is not precisely the Technocratic Christ, at least he is the engineering John the Baptist who has been living in the economic wilderness for forty years feeding on logarithmic locusts and wild-honey.

II

On the surface, of course, there is nothing of such esoteric significance about technocracy, and to the hard-boiled observer the pontifications of the technocratic clerics are simply a resounding rumble-bumble of irrelevant engineering jargon, while the activities of its statistical and cartographic acolytes up at Columbia are only an elaboration of the obvious. The term itself is a clever catchword, invented by some one with a shrewd sense of publicity and applied by themselves to an informal group of engineering professors, practising engineers, academic economists, chemists and biologists who for some years have been carrying on certain sporadic statistical studies of energy and raw material resources, power consumption, production and employment, speculating casually on economic, social and engineering questions and developing paper plans of industrial organization and control. It was started in 1920, but seems to have no formal organization or fixed location, and its membership has changed. At one time it included Veblen, the *enfant terrible* of academic American economics, Steinmetz, the temperamental electrical engineer of the General Electric Company, and Stuart Chase, then an accountant. Although the technocratic roster has not been published, it is now said to have several hundred members here and abroad, and includes such respectable representatives of the profession as Basset Jones, of Meyers, Strong & Jones, Inc., Professor Tolman of the California Institute of Technology, Frederick L. Ackerman, New York architect, and Professor Walter Rautenstrauch of Columbia. At present the group is keeping a number of unemployed engineers and draughtsmen busy part time under the direction of Howard Scott making charts and compiling statistics in space provided by the engineering school at Columbia and with funds furnished by the Architects Unemployment Committee and other private sources, including some interested or agitated business men whose support was ironically asked to aid in demonstrating their imminent or inevitable destruction.

It is not quite clear whether the term technocracy refers to the members of the group, its activities or to its theories, but there isn't much mystery in anything about it except perhaps in the personality and purposes of Mr. Scott, who is apparently its guiding spirit.

Mr. Scott is a free-lance engineer and peripatetic social philosopher with a picturesque presence, a sharp sense of the potent publicity value of elusive reticence and invisibility, and a flair for rather portentous prophecy wrapped in impressive professional patter which usually leaves his lay audiences sheepishly speechless and pleasantly shocked. He has knocked about the world considerably at one engineering job or another and absorbed a sizable stock of esoteric and unorthodox economic doctrine compounded principally of the speculations of such writers as Patten, Douglas, Soddy, Korzibski, Veblen, Henderson, Orage, etc. Some sen-

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sitive persons detect in him a touch of the messianic complex while suspicious ones ascribe to him ambitions of dictatorship as a sort of slide-rule Mussolini, insisting that the technocrats are *sub rosa* really studying the recondite technic of revolution, and making maps of all the push buttons and valves so that they can shut off the juice and water supply and seize power when the twelfth hour of capitalism strikes and the inevitable technocrash comes. The fragmentary technocratic apocrypha do describe their efforts as "an attempt to design a new industrial order," and it is obvious that the boys on Broadway and 117th Street amuse themselves by imagining that they are a kind of Technocratic National Committee, planning an engineer's utopia and preparing the blue-prints and specifications for the Almost Perfect State in the confident hope that they may get the construction contract and some of the cabinet jobs when the expected technocratic landslide occurs. But there is no evidence that they are doing anything of the kind and it is quite clear that their ideas about this amazing and melancholy mess we call our economic system are still as muddled as everybody's are.

Whatever the ultimate objectives of these messiahs of the slide rule may be, their principal occupation at present is in compiling for publication a few portfolios of maps showing the distribution of raw materials, energy resources, and rainfall, and of charts showing the changes in production, employment, and working hours in various industries. This compilation constitutes what is impressively called An Energy Survey of North America. In the main it will be merely a rehash of census and other familiar official information, much of which is already to be found scattered through the *World Almanac,* commercial geographies and the Statistical Abstract.

Of the charts comparing production, employment, and man-hours only a few had actually been made when the first preliminary improvisations on the technocratic trump of doom sounded from Morningside Heights last August. They cover only a small fraction of the commodities and services in the production of which energy is used, and so do not provide a basis for any conclusions whatever as to the trend of employment, production or business activity as a whole. Most of them have been done before by governmental bureaus and other research agencies. They are based largely on familiar census data, with rough and ready estimates of such items as man-hours for which no accurate data are available at all, and there is nothing new in them to anyone who has any acquaintance with industrial statistics.

All that they show is the simple fact that it is possible to produce more of various standardized commodities per man-hour by use of automatic power machinery than it was with hand labor, especially in the United States, and that the amount of output per man-hour has been rapidly increasing in certain occupations so that the number of people employed in them has declined. This discovery may be astonishing to a technocrat but it is not hard for even the average business man to believe because he has been told all about it many times before, either by his production manager or by the Census Bureau, the National Bureau of Economic Research and other agencies. But even if the business man is not struck dumb, as he usually is by any chart, it is when he asks, what of it that his technocratic torture begins and the engineering jitter-generators get to work.

From a standing position on these stale census statistics he then has to join Mr. Scott with his slide rule in a record-breaking feat of jumping to conclusions about the impending Collapse of Capitalism. Of course this apocalyptic pole vault does not depend simply upon the census statistics. In fact they have little to do with the revelation of the technocratic revolution because they naturally prove nothing except the obvious fact that output per man-hour is increasing in certain industries with the use of power machinery. But by combining them with scattered and largely conjectural data about production in periods long past and countries far away for which there are no authentic records whatever, and seasoning them with a little vinegar from Veblen, a sprinkling of sodium chloride from Soddy and a dash of Douglas, we can easily concoct a statistical cocktail that will conjure up visions of the technocrack o' doom.

III

First, of course, we must contemplate a continuous increase in the amount of energy consumed in the production of goods and continuous decrease in the amount of man-hours until all employment opportunities fade out of the picture. Can we not already produce (if we want to) all we did in 1929 with only 55 per cent of the unemployed back to work, and by 1935 will not there be 25,000,000 men without jobs, if we go on this way? If you ask why there has been no evidence whatever of any *general* technological unemployment even during the period of most rapid increase of productivity between 1922 and 1929, or why, as every one can see from his *World Almanac,* there were more people gainfully employed per 1,000 of the population in 1930 than in 1920 or in 1900, technocracy tells us to forget the facts and face the truth, for we are on Patmos with the prophet.

Next technocracy tells us that the curves indicating the rate of energy conversion in producing most commodities are flattening out, so that industry can't hope to keep on growing at the same rate as in earlier years.

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If you ask why it is impossible to develop new industries and increase the consumption of services (which are already the principal part of consumer expenditure) as efficiency in producing commodities rises, as standards of living expand and tastes, habits or fashions shift, the engineers jolt you with their final generalization, which is that all such use of energy is sheer waste anyway and must soon cease because our power and raw material resources will ultimately be exhausted. Most other countries are already scraping the bottom of the energy bin, and some, like Britain, living on the sweepings of bond coupons, are done for but don't know it. We can fortunately squander our way along a while longer, but we must soon watch out or the Energy Determinants will get us. For from the technocratic viewpoint we ourselves and all our institutions are just a bunch of energy-conversion contraptions and everything we do is determined by the second law of thermodynamics, or perhaps entropy, which is the engineer's name for the devil. We must not expect the engineer to open up any new energy sources which would suspend the lethal sentence on society; for the technocrat, you see, is a pure scientist and believes in predestination, and his sole business is to point out the impossibilities of anything and to administer the preordained destinies of everything.

While the world, the United States and even the Republican Party are all running down like a clock once wound up long ago, we in this country might speed up the rate of energy conversion by new contraptions and enjoy a constantly rising standard of living if it were not for something that is always throwing monkey wrenches into the machinery. That something is "the price system," or, more simply, money, the root of all evil, which makes the mechanical mare go sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow, causing what technocracy calls "oscillations of increasing amplitude," or what business men used to call booms and depressions. To the technocrat the price system is a sort of original sin, and the business cycle is simply the old story of the battle between the great god Erg and Mammon, the Almighty Dollar, ever in irreconcilable conflict like Ahriman and Ormuzd, Gog and Magog.

Here one lifts one of the last veils of the technocratic Revelation and unless the neophyte is floored by what he sees he can't hope to become even a technocratic ward captain. If the technocratic critique of the price system looks to you like the interminable dispute about the quantity theory of money in disguise or if you ask why we can't try to stabilize and bolster up the poor old price system by improving our banking organization and monetary institutions and developing better methods of credit control, you just haven't a technocratic temperament. You may point out that debts can be and constantly are written down, that capital is subject to constant rapid or periodic dissipation like energy itself, and that the money system can conceivably be synchronized with any condition of energy conversion with a few repairs on the central bank steam gauges and perhaps by firing a few financial firemen who fall asleep on the job. Technocracy says it can't be done because money and machinery are incommensurable. For goods and services, you see, are made by ergs and engineers and money is made by bankers and brokers (or used to be), and the two can never get along together. The process of energy conversion we used to call industry is controlled by debt collectors and bond-coupon clippers who are interested not in making goods but in making money. Since the amount of money or means of exchanging goods doesn't or can't increase as fast as the amount of ergs that go into goods, partly because we are confirmed worshippers of the golden calf of fixed reserve ratios, money is always becoming more valuable in terms of goods, prices are driven down to zero, profits disappear, debt claims on the output of industry are constantly increasing, and the banker must periodically call up the engineer and tell him to lay off the kilogram calories for a while; so we have a depression.

If you suggest that we might make more money because paper is cheap, the technocrat lifts his eyebrows and sternly says: "inflation." On this point he is more orthodox than the boys down in Wall Street. Inflation, he assures us in the words of a National City Bank bulletin, is only a "temporary stimulant." The thing to do is not to make more money but to do away with it altogether. If you ask, as some of us have recently, what we shall use for money, he suggests printing another set of tickets called energy certificates which entitle you to so many ergs every once in a while. Since the amount of ergs is constantly growing (or would be if the technocrats were turned loose on the industrial system) and the number of man-hours needed is steadily declining, people can't possibly be paid according to the amount of time they spend loafing on jobs that are rapidly becoming unnecessary, anyway. We must all share equally in the total amount of ergs used, and so the postman must bring us all the same number of energy certificates in our pay envelope every Monday morning no matter how we contrive to kill the time during the week. Presumably we cash these at the corner grocer for cornflakes, or preferably energy capsules, and spend the rest of the time at contract bridge.

Pictures of this sort were painted long ago by H. G. Wells, and all the questions involved have been covered many times in the endless literature of monetary and credit reform; but the true inwardness of the technocratic doctrine emerges only in its application to the question of control. Our energy conversion system, that is, industry, is or will soon be so speedy, so complex and

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so completely integrated and tied up with central-station power plants that the whole shooting match must be operated by push buttons. We can't have any Tammany or Republican politicians or Congress around making decisions about pulling switches. Not only must our blundering bankers, brokers, and bond holders be thrown overboard, but our whole political apparatus must be given a swift kick in the pants and supplanted by a set of expert button pushers, or as Mr. Scott would say, "decision arrivators," obeying only the absolute authority of the second law of thermodynamics, and operating according to approved blue-prints showing all the buttons to be pushed. The constitution, if any, must be a set of differential equations, subject to amendment only by Einstein or his successors assembled in some scientific vatican. Otherwise the whole machine will go to smash. To the technocrats there is no alternative. The process of energy conversion is irreversible, and so is the destiny of our social organization. We can't get back to our little strings of woodburning log cabins or re-establish any earlier energy state. For better or for worse we must gear into the cogs of the vast proliferating power-converting complex into which some *deus ex machina* has driven us with the aid of the engineer, and go on transverting kilogram calories till the last British thermal unit in our bellies is burned up. Such is the technocratic Life; just one goddam erg after another.

IV

There is much more of this, but you can read most of it in Wells's romances, the novels of Sheel, Rousseau's "Messiah of the Cylinder," Spengler's "Mensch und Technik" and in pleasanter form in Harper Leech's little book "The Paradox of Plenty," where the essential story of technological advance and its implications is simply told as a basis for a hopeful view of the possibilities of human progress. There is nothing essentially new in the paranoidal pretensions of this acute attack of engineering *groszenwahn;* its apocalyptic technological visions; its cold-blooded dismissal of the mere human molecule and his persistent predispositions to fun, frivolity, futility, and freedom; its refusal to recognize in its calculus the fundamental creative force of the individual human spirit and the steady drift toward economic and social decentralization which underlies the integrated technological superstructure of modern society. All this mumbo-jumbo of the technocratic terrorism might be swept aside or smiled off by the fundamental sanity of the American mind but for the alarming signs to be seen everywhere in the present situation that the American people and particularly its business men have lost their mental balance, too.

What Mr. Scott's technocrats tell us is neither new nor necessarily significant; what is important is the paralyzing spell which the pompous superstitions and pretensions of the technocratic apparatus appear to have cast over the responsible sections of the business community. Every one knows that our business and financial system has broken down badly and many sober-minded people fear it is in grave danger of collapse into complete economic and social chaos; but the fundamentally disturbing thing about the situation is the apparent inertia of official authorities and business leaders in attacking the task of making the basic adjustments needed for recuperation, the passive acceptance of the situation by the mass of the people, and the inability of the community to mobilize its social conscience and creative intelligence for the task of reconstruction. So far from stimulating such response, the technocratic terrorism has emphasized and exploited the apathy and fear of the public, deepening the spirit of defeatism and playing into the hands of the forces making for conflict and chaos. We welcome the ominous oracles of the technocrats because we are too weak or unwilling or lazy to set our work, in ways that are perfectly well known, to reconstruct a satisfactory and successful society for ourselves, out of the wreckage which our past stupidities have wrought. While there is no justification in any facts that technocracy has assembled or in any of its speculations for any forecast of the future course of events in this or any other country, we are obviously eager to believe them and are willing to take them at their face value because our faith in ourselves has been shaken. We just want to believe in Santa Claus, even though he is only a technocratic Kris Kringle.

Any exposition of the nature and purposes of the technocrats only has the unfortunate effect of exaggerating their importance, reinforcing their racket, and weakening the already broken public morale at a time like this; but since they are evidently eager to foster the fatal fascination and mystery that surrounds them, the responsible business organizations and engineering societies owe it to themselves and to the public to ask those associated with the work of technocracy, and under whose auspices it is being carried on, for an impartial public accounting of the activities, conclusions and objectives of the group, and to furnish to the fearsome and feeble-minded an official explanation and interpretation of what the whole affair is and isn't about. Whatever the technological defects of democracy and however bovine the average American business man may be, it is doubtful if anybody is really ready in this country to be highbrow-beaten by a body of engineer-junkers, or if the engineering profession itself wants to play any such rôle in public affairs now or in the future. The people of these states may be in a pretty bad pickle, but they are probably not prepared to call in any men on horseback, even if these are all messiahs with an M.E.

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Watchdogs of the Budget

By Drew Pearson

Comptroller General J. R. McCarl and Director of the Budget J. Clawson Roop and their activities as seen by one of the authors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

During one hectic period each year the country reverberates with blatant demand for economy. The answer to that demand is a neck-and-neck race between the White House and Congress. Each wants the greatest amount of economy credit, the least amount of blame for extravagance. Acting for the White House, the Bureau of the Budget slashes departmental expenditures, sends them to Congress. Acting for Congress, sub-committees on Appropriations make further slashes, report them out on the floor where, in the rush and turmoil of wire-pulling, log-rolling, and lobbying, they are crowded through the legislative hopper, some good, some bad, some vaguely worded, some discriminatory, some containing legal loopholes as big as barndoors.

Finally it is all over, Congress adjourns, takes the credit for economy and goes home. The executive departments breathe a prodigious sigh of relief, take the credit for economy, and settle down to the work of making the money cover as much as possible.

This rivalry between Executive and Legislative branches may be necessary in a government of checks and balances, perhaps even inspires economy. But also it creates inefficiency, suspicion, even deceit. The surgeon-general of the army, Major-General Robert U. Patterson, will not, for instance, tell Representative Ross Collins of Mississippi the real number of army officers suffering from partial physical disability because he knows that Mr. Collins, as chairman of the sub-committee on army appropriations, is sharpening his axe to cut 2000 officers from the muster roll. Officers of the Navy Department, for instance, still ask Congress post-war prices for new cruisers, despite recent reductions in the cost of steel, because they know that Representative Burton L. French of Idaho, or some other small-navy member of the naval appropriations sub-committee is sure to chop their appropriations. Secretary of State Stimson, for instance, places his Negro valet, Thomas P. Roache, on the payroll as a State Department messenger, and his military aide, Captain Eugene Regnier, as assistant editor of *The Cavalry Journal,* because he must know that Congress would object violently to paying them salaries under any other status. And finally, Mr. Hoover once attempted to place an item of $1300 for White House chauffeurs' summer uniforms on the War Department budget, presumably because his own budget was nearly double that of the Coolidge era.

To outsmart the inquisitive, penurious eye of Congress has come to be a sort of game. Executives vie with each other to juggle items from one column to another, to spend unexpended balances, to boost appropriations, to see who can run up the highest score.

The problem of economy, therefore, has come to depend not only upon the annual financial forays of Congress, but also on a day-to-day curb on the executive government by regularly established checking agencies. Of these, the most efficient, the most hated, and the practically unheralded guardians of Uncle Sam's money drawer, are Comptroller General J. R. McCarl and the Director of the Budget, Colonel J. Clawson Roop. Without them economy would be a myth. Between them they are credited with more day-to-day saving than any other two men in the United States. They are the financial czars of the U. S. A. Inc. McCarl sits at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue in the glass-roofed shrine to the Grand Army of the Republic which was built to house the machinery for passing out pensions in what was at that time the greatest gift to veterans in the history of the country; and which, ironically enough, now houses 1900 penny-pinching clerks whose job it is to scrutinize every dollar spent by the federal government. Roop sits at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue behind swinging lattice doors of the Treasury Department where his corps whittles down every dollar requested of Congress by the bureau chiefs, resists to the last ditch the appointment of personnel to fill departmental vacancies, and brings down upon their heads the undying ill-will of every one in the executive branch of the government.

Roop and McCarl are the two valves of government extravagance. The first recommends executive expendi-

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tures to Congress. The second prevents excessive expenditure by executive departments. Roop guards the financial intake. McCarl guards the financial outlet. Both are supreme. When Roop decrees that the budget of the Commerce Department shall be only $37,917,323, no one in the Department can ask for more. Only the White House can reverse him, and this is almost unheard of. Or when McCarl disallows the railroad fares of army officers spent in travelling to a golf competition, taxi fares for a distance less than four blocks, or payment for collecting press notices boosting Citizens' Military Training Camps, not even the White House can reverse him. Only the Supreme Court of the United States—and this never has been done—can overrule the dictum of the smiling, soft-spoken little tyrant of the General Accounting Office.

Comptroller General McCarl and Budget Director Roop not only are Czars of Economy, but in many respects serve as liaison officers between the Executive and Legislative branches of Government. To Czar McCarl, for instance, falls the duty of unravelling the maze of hazy financial legislation left each year as a legacy of Congress.

To this he applies ruthless surgery. He has compassion for no one. His one fetish is the law. It did not matter to him that the Economy Act rushed through Congress last summer worked terrific injustice upon substitute mail carriers. They are paid on a basis of $1860 annually, but being employed only about one-quarter of the year, their total earnings average $465. However, Section 101 of the Economy Act compels payless furloughs for all government employees paid "at the rate of more than $1000 per annum." Substitute mail carriers are paid "at a rate of" $1860 per annum. And McCarl is a stickler for the law. Therefore, although receiving only half of $1000, the relentless ruler of the General Accounting Office decreed that substitute mail carriers must take the regular salary cut of those paid more than $1000.

Nor did it matter to McCarl that the Economy Act worked tremendous hardship upon special-delivery letter carriers. They are paid nine cents per letter and average $1200 a year. However, one-half of what they spend must be paid out of their own pockets for automobile upkeep, so that their net income is only $600. But the Economy Act jammed through the Congressional hopper at the last minute, contained no provision for net income.

"The law is the law," quoth Czar McCarl. "If it is not right, Congress can change it. I cannot."

Whereupon he ruled that special-delivery letter carriers also were subject to the pay cut.

Another provision in the Economy Bill reduced the rate of interest paid by the government on tax refunds from six to four per cent. This resulted in one of the weirdest quirks ever to pass before the eagle eye of John Raymond McCarl. A certain taxpayer, who shall be nameless, overpaid his income tax by $100,000 in the year 1922. To counterbalance this, he underpaid his tax by $100,000 in the year 1923. The Bureau of Internal Revenue admitted overpayment, but several years dragged by and the case was not settled. Finally it was settled in 1932, making a total of ten years during which the government had retained the taxpayer's $100,000 and a total of nine years during which the taxpayer had retained the government's $100,000. Each would have owed the other interest at the rate of six per cent for nine and ten years respectively, giving the taxpayer a balance in his favor of $6,000—had it not been for one thing. That one thing was the Economy Act. As it was, the taxpayer, instead of being paid by the Treasury for one year's use of his $100,000, had to dig down in his jeans and hand over to the Treasury $14,000.

Reason: Czar McCarl pointed out that the Economy Act had reduced the interest rate paid by the U. S. A. to four per cent. Furthermore, the law is the law. Four per cent, he decreed, was retroactive over the ten intervening years. Ten years of red tape and procrastination were not the fault of the taxpayer, but he had to pay for it just the same.

McCarl never blinked an eye at this. For beneath his friendly, pleasant-faced exterior is a tendency to be as hard-headed as a Missouri mule. According to Justice McCoy of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, only ice water runs in his veins—which a lot of people are inclined to believe, especially after looking over the long list of his economy decisions. Probably no one will shed many tears of sympathy over the fact that the Navy Department, under McCarl's ruling, now is no longer able to pay for wreaths for deceased naval officers; that State Department diplomats cannot tip steamer stewards more than five dollars; or even that admirals cannot spend government money to transport their wives from Asiatic waters to the United States. It may be a little easier to arouse sympathy for the Department of Agriculture, which was found relieving Florida hurricane sufferers out of a $250,000 appropriation earmarked for fighting the hoof-and-mouth disease; or for the War Department which was enjoined from extending relief to Mississippi flood sufferers because it had no specific funds for this purpose. But certainly the universal bitterness with which McCarl is regarded can be understood when we discover that he prevented General Douglas MacArthur, be-medalled Chief of Staff, from purchasing new Purple Heart decorations out of surplus clothing funds, or that in disallowing an Agricultural Department item of $1.50 for

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a luncheon bill in Alexandria, Virginia, he wrote: "Nowhere in that part of Virginia can you get a lunch worth so much."

Probably no man in McCarl's position could have friends, even if he wanted them. And outside his own office, which is with him one hundred per cent, the Comptroller General leads a life of splendid isolation. No dinner, dance or reception of Washington's famous social whirl ever has seen him. He lives alone in a hotel. His only loves are golf, work which absorbs him almost every evening, and rare beef-steak.

McCarl is credited with being the one real achievement of the Harding Administration. Formerly a lawyer in McCook, Nebraska, he came to Washington as secretary to Republican insurgent, Senator George W. Norris. From Norris's office McCarl jumped to the more politically dexterous job of running the Republican Congressional Committee during the 1920 campaign, and after it was over Norris told Harding the one thing he wanted was McCarl's appointment as Comptroller General. There McCarl has been for twelve years, and there he will remain for three more; for Congress, in order to put the watchdog of the Treasury above the influence of political pressure, decreed that he should hold office for fifteen years and never be reappointed. All of which may be one reason why this "penny-pinching," "tin-pot" tyrant personally has saved the United States Treasury no less than half a billion dollars.

There are two fundamental differences between the functions of the two great Czars of Government Economy. Standing at the outlet of the government's financial waste-pipe, scrutinizing expense accounts after the money is spent, Czar McCarl has to take his savings as he finds them, usually a few cents here, a few dollars there. Czar Roop, on the other hand, standing at the intake of the same financial waste-pipe, may cut down the volume of the flow as much as he chooses—although on certain significant items he does not choose to cut. Equally important, Czar Roop's position in recommending, for his superior in the White House, what each executive department shall spend, gives him greater opportunity for the co-operation with Congress so necessary to efficient economy in government.

In order to gauge accurately what each department should spend, Czar Roop has worked out a system whereby one of his executive assistants studies a department during the entire year—a system which has made each assistant, in his own little realm, an independent monarch, just as omnipotent, just as feared, just as rebelled against as Haille Selassi I, Select of God, Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah, Descendant of Solomon, Emperor of Abyssinia. The new Economy Act probably has given Roop's assistants greater power even than Emperor Haille Selassi, for while that absolute monarch lets his dukes select their own retainers, the Economy Act provides that salaries for vacancies caused by death, retirement or resignation during the fiscal year shall be impounded in the Treasury, and new personnel shall be appointed not by the bureau chiefs, but only after the express permission of the President. The President in turn has shifted this burden to his Director of the Budget, so that Roop and his assistants now must pass upon every new office boy hired in an American Vice-Consulate in Mazatlan or every new fire-fighter employed in the Forest Service in Montana.

And being human, power has gone to their heads. They have delayed and procrastinated. They have spent weeks scrutinizing requirements and qualifications. The Interior Department wanted to hire a new dairyman to care for thirty select cows at an Apache Indian School in Arizona. E. W. Cushing, counsel for Czar Roop, replied that any kind of a farm hand would do instead. The Interior Department showed that the school had suffered from previous lack of milk, was 100 miles from any railway, that the dairy herd under an ordinary farm hand had gone down, and finally, after three protracted weeks of argument, got the dairyman.

Again the Indian Bureau wanted a second nurse for a twenty-bed hospital on a reservation at Cherokee, North Carolina. F. J. Bailey, assistant to Czar Roop, replied that one nurse was enough, laughed at minimum nurse standards shown him by the American Medical Association, finally after two weeks of expensive argument, drawing up of justifications, yielded. Under this snip-snip policy of the Budget Bureau, the civil branches of the government—the Children's Bureau, the Women's Bureau, the Bureau of Education, Howard University, the Bureau of Reclamation, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the Administration of Plant Quarantine, the Commerce Department—all have suffered tremendous cuts; while the Army and Navy, eating up three times as much federal expenditure as the civilian departments, have come through the economy battle almost unscathed. All of which probably goes back to the person and background of the man who rules the Bureau of the Budget.

Colonel J. Clawson Roop has two blind spots. One is a devotion to the cause of military preparedness. The other is an obsession against public works. On the first of these he receives powerful support from the most efficient of all Washington lobbies, the big Army and Navy group. On the second, he receives equally powerful support—in fact, instigation—from the President.

Colonel Roop developed his first blind spot through

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association with Charles G. Dawes, then a major in the Seventeenth Railway Engineers, with which Roop sailed to France. In fact, most of his life has been bound up with that of the dynamic Mr. Dawes. Dawes had been detached from his regiment by his old boyhood friend, General John J. Pershing, and placed in charge of purchasing A. E. F. supplies. Meeting young Lieutenant Roop one day, Dawes asked:

"Roop, do you know anything about statistics?"

"No," was the answer.

"All right," commanded Dawes, "you're going to take charge of my statistical bureau. Report at once."

Roop did. He remained with Dawes throughout the war, came back with him to Washington, became assistant director of the budget when Dawes startled the cabinet by shaking a broom under the bewhiskered chin of Charles Evans Hughes in expounding the theories of co-ordinated government broom-buying. When Dawes resigned a year later, Roop resigned, went out to Nebraska, home of Czar McCarl, where he worked for Dawes's utility magnate friend, Mark Woods. Roop became a public-utility handy-man, inspected new projects to see if they were worth taking over, studied old ones to see why they showed losses, travelled from Cuba to California. When Dawes went down to Santo Domingo in 1929 to revamp that country's budget, Roop went with him. When they came back Dawes suggested to Hoover that he had a good man to head his Budget Bureau. Roop was appointed.

As Director of the Budget, Roop believes in a big army. Perhaps because he has spent much of his life in the employ of private utility corporations, he is prejudiced against government construction of public works. Except for payment on the public debt and compensation to war veterans, these two are the biggest items in the budget. Expenditures on the civil activities of government are infinitesimal in comparison. Roop's views exactly coincide—although they would be dictated did they not coincide—with those of his chief in the White House. But they do not coincide with those of Congress; and thus falls down the co-operation between Executive and Legislative so essential to efficient economy.

At the last session of Congress, Colonel Roop, working with the approval of the President, pruned only $14,000,000 from the budget of the War Department at a time when that budget was the largest in the peacetime history of the United States. The House of Representatives, not satisfied with Roop's work, set out to better it. A total of 2000 officers were cut from the payroll. Citizens' Military Training Camps, Reserve Officers' Training Camps, army bands, polo ponies, the use of riding horses by the Air Corps were under fire. A bill to amalgamate the Army and Navy failed by a narrow margin. But the elimination of 2000 officers was approved, went to the Senate, resulted in a legislative deadlock so long-drawn-out that army pay for the first time since the post-Civil-War period was held up.

At the present session of Congress the same thing is happening. Director of the Budget Roop made no real reductions in the cost of the military establishment. The House Appropriations Committee, tackling what he left undone, already has voted large economies, including once more the elimination of 2000 officers. This time the cut probably will pass both houses of Congress. If not, the legislative struggle will be long-drawn-out and expensive, the penalty paid for lack of co-operation between White House and Congress.

At the last session of Congress also, Colonel Roop, again working with the approval and at the instigation of the President, cut $375,000,000 from the public-works programme. This was the major saving out of a recommended budget economy totalling $500,000,000. Congress at first accepted the reduction; but later, faced with growing unemployment and tremendous national suffering, voted an Emergency Construction Programme which put $332,000,000 for public works back into the budget.

The total saving was only $43,000,000—and that only on paper. Close examination of the Emergency Construction Programme shows unnecessary waste, the result of hasty legislation, lack of White House co-operation. Take for instance the Navy Department. It long has considered the Boston and Charleston, South Carolina, Navy Yards to be inefficient, a drain on the naval establishment. Two years ago it recommended putting them on an inactive basis. Then along came the Emergency Construction Bill; it voted $185,000 for their improvement. Or again, take the War Department. Finally spurred into action by demands for economy, it listed on May 21, 1931, Chanute Field, Illinois, as an inefficient and unnecessary army post and announced that it would be abandoned. Then came the Emergency Construction Act. It appropriated $1,500,000 for Chanute Field's improvement.

Thus without co-operation between the President and Congress is squandered the taxpayer's money. Thus in the present session it is being squandered again. Mr. Hoover, knowing the past insistence of Capitol Hill upon the construction of public works, realizing that unemployment and need for relief are increasing, once again recommended a budget economy of about $500,000,000, of which the major portion once again is reduction of public works. He is certain to be reversed —just as last year—leaving as the only real economies those achieved by the snipping of Negro university teachers, Indian hospital nurses plus the perennial penny-pinching of Comptroller General McCarl.

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World Without Money

By Stuart Chase

The author of "A New Deal" and "Your Money's Worth" reveals the conflict between the real world and the money world. The pathology of money has affected our thinking to such an extent that we have lost sight of reality.

It is probable that within the next few years America will be forced to revolutionize its medium of exchange. The money and credit system as we have known it is sinking rapidly. There may be one more inflationary boom in it and there may not. The debt structure, reared to such majestic heights over the last century on the galloping principle of compound interest, has about reached its zenith, and its only future course is apparently downward—probably precipitately, with an interest rate of zero as its final goal. Purchasing power, which has lagged so alarmingly behind production in recent years, is at last entangled on the brink of a chasm too vast to be bridged by any fiscal methods falling under the head of business as usual.

The dollar indeed has lost all dignity as a useful medium of exchange by virtue of its wanton and scandalous disregard of common physical standards. Drunk and disorderly, it careens from a one-bushel-of-wheat value yesterday to a three-bushel value today. It suddenly pummels creditors through inflation, and as suddenly turns and crowns debtors through deflation. It has no fixed relationship with any stable human value, it turns securities into insecurities in one day's trading on the stock exchange, it is irresponsible, unmeasurable, flippant and defiant.

Yet Americans, without exception, find it exceedingly difficult to think of economic activity in other than dollar terms. "What will it cost?" they ask, "Who will pay for it?" "How much do you want for it?" "Where is the money coming from?" "Will receipts cover expenses?" "The budget must be balanced." "Taxes have got to come down." "How can I keep out of the red?" The practical man is he who keeps out of the red; the three sweetest words in the English language (Enclosed Find Check) are framed on thousands of office walls; the path of wisdom first, last and all the time is saving dollars, investing them, and so guaranteeing security for oneself and one's dependents. Money, we admit, is not the whole of life, but life without money is to us more than unthinkable; it is almost obscene. Due not to innate greed, miserliness or moral lapses, but almost solely to the extreme industrial specialization of modern civilization, we have become definitely pathological about money. We can see economic activity—food, shelter, clothing and comforts—in no other terms. If the cost in dollars is more than dollars in hand, there is no choice but nakedness and starvation.

Yet our god is drunk. He has been on one long drunk since the War. His liver is in an appalling condition. He may drop on his spine any day. Tomorrow the dollar may become no more than a historical phrase. "Wealth" and debt may cancel each other out and simply cease to be. . . . Banks, mortgages, insurance policies, bonds, stock certificates, bills, notes, silver and gold—a rubbish heap of dirty paper and old metal.

What shall we do then? Must we also to a man fall on our spines? Is it the end of the world? With our present pathology still dominant, of course it is. Silently, one by one, in our fields of corn, at our factory benches, in our control cabins, at the pit mouth, in our kitchens, at work in our orchards, before our turbines, beside stocked shelves, at office desks, over the drawing board—we can but commend our souls to God and give up the ghost. No money, no capital, no sales, no wages, no dividends, no world. Columbus sailed to discover a continent which lived four centuries and died.

Which is nonsense. You know it as well as I. There is nothing, observe, exceptionally fantastic about the demise of the dollar. A good many hard-headed students consider it inevitable. I consider it quite possible. But fire in a rubbish pile is not the end of everything. It may well mark the beginning of a new and tidier landscape. If the fire comes, however, there is no time to lose in recovering a normal perspective; in seeing the real world of wheat, factories and houses for what it is, and in seeing the money world for what it is; a structure of symbols, promises and paper. The real world is our mother; without her milk we die indeed. The money world is an elaborate game, built up like chess over the centuries; rather more complicated than con-

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tract bridge, but *not to be taken too seriously if its economic utility as a medium of exchange has lapsed.* There is always our mother beneath us; always the obvious possibility of changing the rules of the game. While the old game is still played, it is silly to disregard dollars altogether, but at all times, and particularly in these times, it is wise to think in terms of the real world as well: wise to temper pathology with sanity. It helps us at once to understand our economic difficulties, to prepare for what may be coming, and to contemplate the future with confidence and courage.

What if the dollar does evaporate? Here are the fields, the mines, the oil wells, the factories, the power lines, the transportation facilities, the warehouses, the shops, the office buildings, the piled inventories of goods. Here are willing workers, able managers, engineers, scientists, laboratories, the cumulative technical knowledge of the most remarkable century in history. Here are houses for all (true they could be improved), food for all, clothing for all, comforts for most—either produced or ready to be produced and distributed. If the dollar collapses, not one iota of physical energy or material is changed or dislodged. The sun is just as bright, the turbines of Niagara just as powerful, the Empire State Building just as high. The danger lies in our heads, not in our physical environment.

If enough of us have shaken off our pathology to know this, to affirm it, we shall meet an expiring financial system with immediate organization and action. We shall proceed to gear the wheels of industry to a new and perhaps happier rhythm. But if enough of us are still cursed with the pathology of money, anything may happen—riot, revolution, panic, the cutting of vital technological arteries like power and water supply, plagues, holocausts, destruction, and in due course the undermining of the physical environment itself. Crazed with fear at the loss of a symbolic abstraction, we may wreck the world of physical reality.

II

One way back to sanity is to *look* at economic history with dollar signs omitted. One can *think* about wages, interest rates, prices, profits, net worth, income accounts, supply and demand—but one cannot *look* at them. The eye will see nothing beyond ink marks on folios, meaningless to, say, an intelligent Martian. The eye can see, however, the movement of men and materials in the real world. Suppose that we possess an eye so powerful that it can comprehend the whole continent of North America. Suppose that we have a sort of Einsteinian time machine which can revolve that eye back through the last generation. Suppose we set the controls at the year 1914, take an inventory, and then proceed, slow motion, to 1933. Among the outstanding physical phenomena would be the following:

A sharp increase in the stream of goods in 1915 and 1916, some of it sticking on the hands of American consumers, but most of it pouring into the holds of ships and disappearing over the curve of the planet, eastward. Mountains of munitions for a war somewhere.

In 1917, the continent below us obviously goes crazy. A quarter of all able-bodied workers walk out of factories and offices, away from farms, and gather in huge tent colonies, where they proceed to march in formation, first to the right, then to the left, demanding food, suits, boots, steel implements and highly combustible chemicals in enormous quantities. The remaining workers and technicians hasten to supply the same. And to our amazement they not only feed and equip the tented parasites (industrially speaking), but feed and equip themselves rather better than at any previous time in the history of the continent. Despite the dearth of workers, factories swell their capacities, new processes are briskly developed, the gross tonnage of goods climbs upward. Presently two million tent dwellers forsake their domiciles and disappear over the Atlantic, bearing an unconscionable fraction of the goods stream with them. But the loss is unnoticed by those who stay at home. . . . We notice very little unemployment . . . only a few new homes are being built.

In 1919, the two million come back from Europe—most of them; the tent colonies disperse. Unemployment grows. The goods stream continues to mount, however, taking the standard of living up with it. None of the commodities, sent abroad from 1914 on, comes back. A little gold trickles in.

In 1921, factories suddenly stop working. They spew out their forces until six million men and women are wandering idly around the streets and parks. The goods stream shrinks; the standard of living falls.

In 1922, the factories as suddenly start working. Unemployment drops to two millions. Now begins a vast crescendo which is to last for seven years, until a certain bright October day in 1929. Steadily the goods stream mounts, steadily the standard of living rises. The housing shortage is repaired. New factories spring like mushrooms. Power lines spin a cobweb over the continent. Cement highways go down in white ribbons from coast to coast, from the Gulf to Canada, while grass grows on trolley tracks and on many short railroad lines. Hours of labor decline. Unemployment slowly grows. Fewer and fewer men are making more and more goods—especially goods which once were called luxuries. Most of the displaced workers are finding new jobs in garages, at soda counters, in movie theatres, government offices, as salesmen, as bootleggers, as investment bankers, college professors, business forecasters, beauty-shop employees, brokers, roadside-stand keepers, golf instructors, binder boys in Florida, professors of home study, etiquette, chiropractic and short-story writ-

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ing, speakeasy bouncers, chauffeurs, truck drivers, restaurant dishwashers, hotel commissars in full regalia, morticians. More goods with fewer workers; more services with more people.

It has been alleged that during these seven fat years, the nation was living on its economic capital and that a day of reckoning had to come. In 1929 the day did come; and considerable Puritanical satisfaction is expressed on all sides. This makes no sense to our all-seeing eye. It is perfectly obvious that in the real world there are just three ways that a nation can live on its capital. It can:

1. Bring in more goods from abroad than it sends back.
2. Allow its industrial plant to deteriorate.
3. Plow dangerously into its natural resources.

The continent below us is obviously inclined to the last, but the bill for failure to conserve natural resources was not due in October, 1929; will not, in fact, fall due for several more decades. Meanwhile the nation was steadily sending more goods abroad than it got back throughout the period, while its industrial plant, far from depreciating, became the eighth wonder of the world, visited by serious young men with strange accents, notebook in hand. Toward the close of the period, the plant was prepared to deliver, at capacity operation, about twice the gross tonnage of the actual goods stream. Excess capacity averaged some fifty per cent.

Far from living on its capital, the nation was gorging itself with capital goods, and making handsome net donations to foreigners of both producers' and consumers' goods. This it was doing with declining labor effort, with shorter hours, with rising living standards. The physical budget was admirably balanced in contrast with earlier periods. The real world was doing remarkably well.

Then the whole continent proceeded to go haywire again, and for no physical reason whatsoever that our eye can discover. In 1929, after some shouting and a few lofty jumps in a New York canyon, the factories stop, the new service trades collapse, skyscrapers disgorge uncounted clerks, men stream away from the mouths of mines, from railroad yards, from fo'castles, from shops and stores. Nor do they go into tent colonies as in 1917, though some of them go into Hoovervilles. By 1933, thirteen million men and women are completely idle. They have stopped manufacturing and distributing the goods and services to which the whole nation had accustomed itself from 1922 to 1929. They have quit, for no apparent reason; punched a time clock, walked out, and never returned. Now they are hungry, cold, and unspeakably tortured in their hearts. The goods stream falls a quarter in the consumers' goods sector, three-quarters in the producers' goods sector. Now, at long last, the plants, factories, railroads, are beginning to depreciate faster than they are repaired. But invention and labor-saving devices move remorselessly forward, spurred on by some demon which we cannot see.

Why did the thirteen millions of unemployed, and the additional millions of partially employed, stop making things which are now so desperately and tragically needed? Why did the wheels stop, the chimneys grow cold, the ships bank their fires? Why . . . why? There is no answer. None whatever in the real world. Our eye can weep, but it cannot explain. A continent gone mad.

But in the world of money, there are answers galore. Indeed nearly every professor has an answer. Fortunately the labored explanations need not long detain us. There is one basic answer. The money system jammed. It was not flexible enough to maintain itself under modern methods of energy consumption. It could not keep up with a billion horsepower. So, because we believe more in the money world than in the real world, it threw a barricade athwart steel, cement and turbines and halted their magnificent crescendo. The barricade was made of paper and habit. The pathology of money has cost us half the goods stream and made thirty million paupers. The price is high. It promises to be higher.

III

Let us draw another contrast between the real and money world. I happened to be in Russia at the beginning of the Five Year Plan. I came back to America and told many of my friends about the project. I said that Russia during the next five years proposed to invest in productive plant 60 billion roubles or about 30 billion dollars. The statement was received with jeering incredulity. Russia, a poverty-stricken nation of wild men. . . . Where would the money come from? Who would lend it to her? Thirty billion dollars. The thing was utterly preposterous. So said the practical men of America. And from the practical money standpoint they were right.

Yet today, with the Five Year Plan completed, there the new factories, power lines, dams, turbines, warehouses, apartments, tractors, school buildings, railroads, ships, office buildings—actually stand. You can go and look at them, feel them, kick their solid surfaces. With little money, or credit, 30 billion dollars' worth of cement, steel, and machinery has been installed; a great fraction of it in actual operation. A miracle? Certainly not. There are no miracles in physics. The plant is there because Russia thinks and operates in the real world. She knows what lies back of money. Hydroelectric dams and turbines are not built with paper and promises. They are built with three specific things: labor, raw materials, technical skill. Russia, at the beginning of the Five Year Plan, had her labor forces mobilized,

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her raw materials ready. She was deficient in technical skill, but imported Colonel Cooper and other American and German technicians to make up the shortage. So the industrial plant was built with real things in a real world. The paper roubles and the foreign valuta helped facilitate the exchange, but were of secondary importance. Sometimes I think this lesson is the most valuable of all that have come out of revolutionary Russia. She has shown the rest of us how to put money in its place at the economic table—well back of the salt.

IV

Again, consider the matter of War debts, blackening the front pages of two continents as I write. Mr. Calvin Coolidge succinctly and quite finally set forth the accepted view: "They hired the money." They certainly did. Hired money must be paid back in a money world. There is nothing more to be said. But if we turn to the real world, it is immediately and conclusively apparent that the debts cannot be settled. They represent commodities used up and shot away in a war fifteen years ago. Keep your eye steadily on tangible materials. The only way our sometime Allies can balance the account is to ship tangible commodities back. This we will not permit—or better, our manufacturers will not permit. The United States has steadily shipped about ten per cent of its goods stream abroad since the War, and allowed, grudgingly, only a smaller stream of commodities to be shipped back. We have thus persistently presented foreigners with a net balance of goods. In 1929, we raised the tariff and made it still more difficult for goods to be imported. We have already absorbed the bulk of the world's gold supply. We will not take paper, and we will not take goods.

From the physical view, the only way to settle the war debts that I can think of is to have our debtors declare a new war, blow our fleet out of the ocean, pulverize our land defenses, and land the required tonnage of French cosmetics, English cutlery and Czechoslovak boots and shoes along the Atlantic coast.

"They hired the money," but never in the real world can we receive more than a tiny fraction of that money back—not unless we eliminate the tariff and plump solidly for an *unfavorable* balance of trade. Yet it is safe to say that 99 Americans out of 100 follow Mr. Coolidge with fidelity; pathologically demanding financial miracles which the laws of physics simply do not allow.

V

Let us try once more. Two hundred huge corporations own about 50 per cent of all the nation's industrial assets, according to Messrs. Berle and Means. Some 18 millions of stockholders (including duplication) own the corporations. But only in a minority of cases do stockholders *control* the corporations. They are controlled by some 2000 gentlemen, many of whom own only one share of stock, qualifying them as directors. Stockholders own but do not control; directors control but do not own. The stockholders' property rights have shrunk to a pathetic claim on such earnings as the directors see fit to declare. They own the assets, true, but in these great highly specialized corporations, assets have little value in liquidation; they have value only in going concerns. This means that, as *physical property* and wealth, their value is negligible in many cases. Try to split the iron and cement of a steel mill among 10,000 owners. The property has value only if it is operating and making profits. A claim against earnings—if and when made—is increasingly the only property the stockholder possesses. In the old days, property was tangible and controllable—a piece of land, a house, a slave, a diamond ring. Now it is becoming only a highly tenuous right to earnings.

Meanwhile the directors, though they may—and do—shamelessly milk the corporation for their own pleasant purposes, are a clambering, shifting, irresponsible group—an Eaton up, an Insull down! hullo! an Eaton down. Their legal position is as yet, according to Berle, highly tenuous, undefined and insecure. They are on the top of a very shaky pyramid.

So there we are. Half the industrial structure swinging in a legal vacuum, not really owned by anybody; not really controlled. The only possible evaluation from the money point of view is that of the stock market—but consider calmly such evaluation in September, 1929 and December, 1932. Childish. Meaningless. These "properties"—how the old phrases cling—have thrust their great shoulders out of money system standards altogether. Nobody knows or can know what many of them are "worth" in such terms.

But from the physical standard, the evaluation is perfectly clear. What are the capacities of the several plants; what is the installed horsepower; what are the warehousing and shipping facilities; with what quantity of sound goods and services is the corporation prepared to supply the nation? The figures are on file. We can know to a nicety what the 200 largest corporations can do; we may never know again what they are "worth," or what their property value in dollars is.

VI

Now for the unkindest cut of all. The engineers of the Technocracy group submit for our inspection *ramie*. Ramie is a fibrous nettle, painful to the cross-country hiker; more painful to the money system. It can be grown with a 22-inch fibre, 1500 pounds to the acre (against cotton's 150 pounds), two or three crops a year possible in the South, harvested like wheat by com-

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pletely mechanized methods. From the stacks, a full automatic factory process—no human hand assisting—can prepare it for spinning. Spun, it makes a cloth seven times as strong as wool, several hundred times as strong as cotton. It has a lustre like silk or linen, and takes dyes beautifully. It is stronger wet than dry. It can be made into light, fine paper, too strong to be torn by the human hand. In mass production, the cost of both textile and paper is far below any competing commodity. Here, in the real world, is a discovery capable of immeasurably raising the standard of living. Science lays it on our doorstep; science is ready to develop it. Splendid. And terrible.

It will ruin cotton growing.
It will ruin wool growing.
It will ruin flax growing.
It will ruin pulp-wood producing.
It will ruin cotton manufacturing.
It will ruin wool manufacturing.
It will ruin the silk industry.
It will ruin the rayon industry.
It will ruin the linen industry.
It will ruin the paper industry.
It will cost one million jobs.
It will break thousands of banks.
It will capsize land values over vast areas.

It will undermine insurance companies, savings banks, trusts, estates, foundations, endowments.

It will destroy the basis of taxation in untold communities.

It will render worthless billions in bonds, stocks, mortgages, notes.

It will disrupt the transportation system.

It will obliterate perhaps five billions of purchasing power.

You see? The money system is simply not capable of absorbing such a shock. Bankers and money men will fight ramie as they fought rayon for twenty years, but ultimately it will break through. Physics is stronger than metaphysics in the long run. It will break through incompletely and badly organized. Its promoters will grow very rich, while the industries listed above grow poorer, if indeed not completely bankrupt. This will surely happen—unless the money system is remodelled in the meantime. There are ways and means for lowering a major new invention into an economic structure without profound disruption and shock. Such are engineering ways, however, not financial, and demand an overhead control of the whole technological process.

Ramie is only one of many beautiful and terrible inventions ready to rowel the vitals of the established financial order. The fabricated steel house is another; the automatic packing plant is another; the new motor car on a totally changed design, good for 350,000 miles of operation without major overhauling, is another. Look at what the internal combustion engine has already done to the railroads. Soon we shall have to organize an Anti-Government Ownership League to protect the Republic against a terrific campaign of railroad security holders for government ownership—at par. Twenty billions of par, for a property technologically obsolescent. Uncle Sam holding the bag. The bag already groans with the retrieving operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Uncle Sam has a big bag, but not big enough to hold all the destructive repercussions of new inventions on old vested interests.

Industry is indeed honeycombed with vested interests in terms of money. Landlords have dug in here, bankers there, royalty receivers somewhere else. Their securities, duly printed and duly issued, are in the portfolios of every savings bank and insurance company. But new inventions will break out. The securities become so much waste paper. A new crop of vested interests dig in. Another invention blows their trench to smithereens. The technical arts tend to grow in geometric progression. Purchasing power moves little faster than population in the best of times; far below it in bad times. Today inventions, improvements, and labor-saving devices are breaking like bomb shells all over the industrial front.

VII

Have you had enough for the first seminar? I can prepare a second just as terrifying, and a third. Yet the interesting thing is that there is nothing dangerous about it at all, from the standpoint of the real world. The "new era" gave us a glimpse of the possibilities of material progress; Russia shows us how walls can rise without a paper foundation. The great corporation is ripe for a new and more intelligent kind of control. The war debts cannot be paid, in tangible terms, and should be cancelled (or vastly scaled down) and forgotten. The machine and the engineers are ready to give us sound houses, fine, durable clothing, all the food we can eat, comforts beyond computing—if we will let them really go to work for us. From the money standpoint, terror; from the physical standpoint, joy.

But terror, gentlemen, prevails, until your pathology is cured.

Incidentally, some millions of Americans in 1933 are going to re-educate themselves by embarking upon the largest programme of organized barter and "wooden money" exchanges, that America has ever seen. They do not propose to lie down and starve so long as some have commodities and others services to exchange among themselves. If legal money is not available—and, failing inflation, it will not be—they will make their own local money. Thousands are already doing it, and so learning that food, shelter, and clothing do not come out of banks, but out of their own efforts.

One final illustration. An American mother does not

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throw the children out on the streets to look for scraps of food when there is plenty of food in the ice box. She lives in the real world. If, however, the whole nation is considered as one vast family, we throw thirty million men, women and children out on the streets, with mountains of wheat, cotton, coal, boots, in the storage. We live in the money world.

Let us make the happy supposition that though the financial system cracks wide open, it finds a country cured of the pathology of money. What then? A huge organization job lies before us, but Americans are the planet's most spirited organizers. We move to the establishment of an economic system with money in abeyance; a system with a less refractory and brittle medium of exchange. We may base it, as Technocracy has suggested, on energy. We may base it on physical production. We certainly will not base it on gold or silver. Under competent engineering direction, we shall use our available resources and plant to throw off a high standard of living for the last family in the country on say a 24-hour work week. In the real world, this is readily possible. The human craving for power and prestige will be satisfied not in cash accumulation, but in industrial management, central planning, invention, pure science, art, literature, medicine, statesmanship, architecture, engineering, education.

I realize, better perhaps than do you, the hopelessness of pleading for a world of such unparalleled common sense. Pleading brings no Utopias. I am simply warning you. Your dollar is apparently doomed to death; next year, or in the next depression, it makes little difference. What are you going to do when it dies? Scream and trample like a mob in a theatre panic? Or reach up like men and take the great gifts which science is holding out to you?

CITIES

By Cale Young Rice

LONDON

With a shawl of fog thrown over her shoulders
London waits in the rain
For the next bus, the next train from Waterloo,
The next ship from Thames-mouth, the next word
Of an empire falling from her:
Waits like an old woman, poverty-shaken,
Remembering her youth, in the rain.

BERLIN

How shall the great destroyer save herself
From being destroyed?
They have torn her clothes away, broken her limbs,
Starved her body; her breasts no longer give.
Down Sieges Allee or Unter den Linden she roves,
Leading her children in search of food—her eyes torches
Of shame, misery, revolution, despair.

PARIS

With the Bastile, once the heart of her, changed
To a new heart, aflame at the Place de l'Etoile;
With Notre Dame, the soul of her, now only
A dying word on the sunset over Seine;
She sits at her cafés drinking the absinthe
Of an imagined security
Apart from the freedom and hope of other peoples.

ROME

Raped of decadent power
By a strong chief of the Black Shirts
Who swept like a Goth down on her
From Tuscan hills,
She gives herself to toil
And glory in his house,
And again feels self-healing
Flow like Tiber through her.
Yet ever, as of old,
From high St. Peter's hears
The sacred rage of a rival despot thunder.

MOSCOW

High cheek-boned and bloody
With proletarian hate,
She stalks in rage to her Kremlin
And rings its recreant bells
Fiercely against all nations.
Hunger shrivels her body
And Godlessness her soul,
But ever an iron vision
Drives her on to the goal
Of the very Christ she curses.

TOKIO

The mad dogs of war
Have bitten her and she runs
With rabies through the East,—
Her peaceful moat forgotten,
Her willows hung with poems,
Her honor among the nations,
And Buddha forsaken
And left with empty bowl
To beg from door to door.

NEW YORK

A young Amazon
Towering over all cities
With beautiful strength,
Showing herself to ships coming in from the sea.
Half born of America,
Half of alien lands
That fate her to be the harlot of civilization
Or proud mother of new and mighty tomorrows.

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Turnstile

A STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAVE" AND "A CALENDAR OF SIN"

By Evelyn Scott

LANDING in Canada had seemed the quickest way to get there, for Mrs. Winston had missed her boat from Cherbourg, and, besides, had been obliged to go to London to consult her bankers. Not that a speedy arrival would serve any practical purpose. It was merely what the state of her emotions demanded. Derek was married; and nothing more could be done about *that;* even had she felt a desire for interference. Just the same, every instant aboard ship had been terrible. It seemed to have taken ten years to get out of the Thames. And the gulls, like a cold white harvest of bright leaves, falling, suspended, above the decks, had assured her she was where she was forever, until, suddenly, the sand banks, where the waves were bearing down like augers, driving up white dust, were left behind for the more depressing monotony of the glaring, shrivelled-looking, wintry sea.

And, now, the train, taken from Montreal, seemed maddeningly slow. We are in the U. S. A. at last, Mrs. Winston had told herself, when, on awakening, she had pushed up the creaking shade in the window by her berth, to stare resentfully out on the passing, glinting lakes and hills of upper New York State. This helped. Closer to Derek! closer, closer, every moment. She had a swooning feeling of exquisite joy. Was it wrong? *Ought* she to be so elated, because she was to see Derek this afternoon, when he didn't belong to her any more? But, then, of course, he never had!

Mrs. Winston had very modern and exceptional views on the relation between a mother and son. For as long as she could remember, she had been reminding herself: Derek doesn't owe me *anything!* On the contrary, she was deeply and hopelessly indebted to Derek. The miseries of childbirth were such a small price to pay for the joys which had followed. Derek had been a delightful baby; a charming and affectionate little boy of eight or nine; a precociously intelligent son of twelve; a moody, but still sweet and affectionate youth. And now he was married! She had tried not to feel hurt by the secrecy with which his plan to marry immediately had been conducted. He and Helen had written her all about the love affair, but had said nothing of the intended ceremony until it was over. Mrs. Winston, before she had received the cable of announcement, had even prepared herself to accept it that they might be living together without benefit of clergy. And she had given herself a fortnight of education in tolerance, in preparation for such a discovery. Such a clean, if transitory, association of youth with youth, would be ever so much better than the priggish hypocrisies in which *she* had been reared, when young men were supposed to "sow their wild oats," and young ladies to resign themselves.

Derek was studying engineering and Helen, who wanted to be an interior decorator, was in the same co-ed university. Derek was under age for marriage—he had grown up in a hurry—and his mother could easily have annulled the new bond. But *this* possibility she had dismissed instantly, as unworthy of her own principles and of what Derek's upbringing would have led him to expect. It would mean disastrous intrusion into his emotional life; and one to which she had no right. Helen had written such sweet, expansive, lyrical letters; praising Derek; insisting that she would never allow herself to become jealous of Mrs. Winston, whom Derek so loved. And Mrs. Winston had been touched, and had felt powerful to do good, be generous. She was not going to be guilty of the meannesses with which older generations envy the happiness and faith of the young!

But she had still to remember the night she had just endured on the train. Somehow, despite every best effort of her *conscious* mind, her *un*conscious had got uppermost of her thoughts. The impression of those hours now continued into daylight, into wakefulness; and her nerves were still fretful; still sought, and could not find, the lapse into unguarded rest. She was haunted by a fantastic phraseology. Old Mother Death! I tucked him into his crib and planted the cross over him to keep goblins away! I laid grass over him, to keep him warm!

What on earth was she talking about! It was a nightmare; and she continued to have in her ears the thin, threadlike vibration, which, never ceasing, had seemed

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to carry the cars on through the blank spaces of the indeterminable hours. Then she had sometimes peeped out-of-doors, and had glimpsed lamps, flowering in the utter blackness, melting in the gloss of the empty window, as snowflakes melt upon black water even as they fall. At the moment, she had been nothing, nowhere. And human relations had appeared as nothing.

Mrs. Winston's husband had died ten years previously, and death had already shown her how less than nothing were the human beings who protested its decrees. Now life, also, was telling her that, before it, all her supreme importances were insignificant. So she had reclined, in a semi-upright position, on the tumbled pillows, with the sombre green berth curtains slowly *schshish*ing on her left hand, the sea shell of the berth's illumination glowing wanly from its niche on her right, and a man snoring hissingly in the bunk opposite. And she had petitioned Sleep. She had begged for sleep. Armfuls of sleep. Sleep to hoard, to sift through idle fingers, loving it, as if it were a miser's gold.

Exhaustion can itself become a slow-drugging joy; but Mrs. Winston was not sufficiently tired. She had to remain awake, panic-stricken by the squirrel-cage impression that, though the train thundered at top speed, she was not getting anywhere. She was in a sequence which went round and round, and she remained stationary. Life was going by. It was moving away from her. And she must make no vain struggle to impede it. She must defy time by standing still *deliberately,* while the world rushed on.

In the almost *wicked* seclusion of the berth, she listened to the woodwork singing a high, cacophonous song. The wheels muttered. The roar from the rails was like the roar of a blast out of a furnace. A blast of destruction. And she was not to hurl herself into it and be driven on, in atoms, but to remain quiet. The present, with all its altering agitations, belonged to the young. Why had nobody prepared her to feel like this —the way she *had* to feel? She herself had always admired, more than she had practised, recklessness. It had become inappropriate. Old women being rushed along by a mob, shrieking! It mustn't happen to her. She must stand somewhere, *calmly,* at ease with herself, sure of her roots. Certain philosophies become certain ages. Physical decline *must* be accepted with stoicism. No use rushing out after life and trying to hold it as you might hold some one by the hair, a victim.

But it was no more midnight. The landscape, in the dawn, was silver and sad, as it swerved behind, and was blurred by the smoke of the engine. This was not old country—not old like the France she had quitted; but, in the pale morning, it looked very ancient. In the sunrise, she could see black flocks of crows, alighting and cluttering the tall trees with moving fruits; or the crows, their purple wings flashing, strutted on the ground, in the newly upturned soil. She repeated to herself: My dust to this or any other dust. What does it matter!

It was rather like a play—too dramatic—saying that. She could not believe herself. She had a swift glimpse of a silhouetted ploughman, stalking in a furrow behind straining horses with clumsy bushy fetlocks. In this land, the crows were nearer the sky than she was, nearer freedom. For they had their moment of this sallow landscape, these farmhouses and graveyards, and were unthinking—of where she, and everything alive, would go, in the end.

But why these reflections appropriate to major calamities! For Derek's sake, if for no other reason, she ought to be happy. Her mood shouldn't be one of bereavement. She had not been despoiled of anything. She had been added to. Robbery is of the tangible. The things of value—which can be secured by acceptance, by generosity—cannot be stolen. Only voluntary bonds can hold; and true pride rejects others. To demand is to ask, either for what is worthless, or for that to which you have no right. So the proper view of her situation, Mrs. Winston thought, would be to consider Helen as someone else who had approached and offered to put love with love. Everybody needed love. Mrs. Winston did her best to gaze forward, to make herself gay.

It was day, so the mental mood was brighter; and she hated herself for grudging rejoicing to another, and tried to court elation from the scene outside. The heaviness of the rainy blue was beginning to lighten, thrilling with foreign color; though the horizon—a solid, formless cloud bank—remained, persistently, a milky gray. But the tender vapors were lifting out of the fields. And the sky, barred and ribbed with black, suffered, tremulously, a gradual scalding in deep rose. All at once the morning, in stainless puerility, leaped up openly; and the miracle had been accomplished.

Baby, I love you. You lift my heart up from the earth. I do not quit you, darling; and you will come back!

What was she saying to herself? Startled, she began to climb from the bedcovers and to prepare to dress. She had *never* imposed on Derek. She had made it a point not to. Very early, friends had commented on the intimacy of the relation between them, and, what with their meaning glances and psychoanalysis— So she had sent him off to live with his own generation, in a boarding-school. Resistance to Helen was wicked! She *must* be happy in this Helen she had never seen!

Mrs. Winston took considerable high-minded satisfaction in accusing herself. When she had pulled on her stockings and fastened the buckles of her shoes, she glanced into the aisle. No more did the sloping,

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polished surfaces of unused upper berths reflect themselves. No more did each dark window fix its one picture of lamps and other dark windows. The daylight was bleak. A couple of men in shirtsleeves stood at one end of the Pullman and talked loudly. Their voices were hurled toward her roughly, as with fluctuations in the currents of some unfelt wind. But everything was quite commonplace. She felt elevated.

She put on her smart coatsuit. (Derek had always told her that she had "style.") And she walked, with her mussed hair, and her little bag of toilet articles in her hand, back to the ladies' room.

Except for the blithering and pounding of the wheels, and the jerking of the springs, the roar from underneath the car, it was quiet in here. Apparently, there were no other women in this portion of the train. Mrs. Winston removed the top part of her costume and began to wash herself, dragging the wash cloth over her long throat and over her white arms. Around her, on every side of her, were mirrors, dim with the sunshine filtered sootily through the ground glass. She stared at herself, and she thought: When did that fold begin to come—as I turn my head? What's happened to my cheeks? The line's broken. They used to be such a smooth oval.

She thought her cheeks looked sunken.

She dried her hands and the shoulders John Carter had always assured her were so girlish and lovely in evening clothes; and she shook out her hair, beginning to comb it. She had once been like a peacock about her hair. She could remember standing in the light, with her back to a glass, to have the sheer joy of seeing it, like a gilt mantle, covering her to her waist. Then she had cut it off. (John had joked her about wanting to seem younger.) And now it was grown again. But it would never be so luxuriant, and there were silver streaks in it. She had always scorned hair dye, just as she had fought shy of "treatments" in beauty parlors. If the character is satisfactory, as one matures, the face remains attractive, expressive of an inner harmony. But petty conflicts are always apparent, and they make a countenance hideous, no matter how successfully youth has been embalmed, and the skin freed from wrinkles. Mrs. Winston had taken Eleonora Duse as her model. Yet, even a Duse, at ninety—toothless!

Derek had always liked her face. Though, of course, she hadn't exactly expected to be his ideal. Maybe Helen was very *un*like. It was shameful to admit having been gratified by his information that she was a blonde.

Mrs. Winston's experience, of recent years, had been cosmopolitan. She refused to be prudish. And, just *because* she wouldn't allow her vanity to feed unfairly on Derek's adoration, she had accepted admirers. She had even considered taking a lover. She did this minute. It would be a sort of revenge on all this terribleness of life to compel *somebody's* desire. Once, she had been on the verge of marrying again. But she had been wary about that. She had felt she couldn't afford the possible alienation of Derek. He was very jealous of his father's memory. Why hadn't she accepted a lover? She knew, *now*. She had thought about it too late. For they were not going to condescend to *her*—any of them!—any of the men who had looked favorably on her, and might find out, if they knew her more intimately, that she was not really so lovely. That she was aging. They might see her one day as she already saw herself—looking at the little lines around her eyes, the depressions where had once been the fulness of her cheeks.

It was a horror to contemplate. John Carter had told her that she was greedy, that she was insatiable for praise. But couldn't *she* detect what was still beyond *them*, and see, as it were, her own skeleton, stripped of every frail, present enhancement?

As long as women lead independent lives and are reasonably *selfish*, they aren't likely to fall into the Victorian vice of getting every experience vicariously, either through their husbands or their young!

Mrs. Winston could not submit to pity. Somebody might feel for her what she had felt for old Doctor Anderson, when, as he was proposing to her, she had noticed how loosely the skin fell under his chin and how his hands and his voice were both shaky. And she had felt a fearful apology, a sense of treachery in having thought these things, while she had been listening to his honorable offer. If she had known any man as kind as herself, who was abased before misfortunes that were uninvited——

The porter, bearing clean towels, inadvertently burst in upon her through the thick curtains. Mrs. Winston, caught scrutinizing the profile, which, at least, had withstood time, was so humiliated that she wanted to cry. There was only one rule to follow: not to care. Yet she, an intelligent woman, remarkably detached about these things, when she read the newspapers, took note of the ages of actresses, and was consoled when she learned that this one, that one, still presentable and posing as a siren, was as old as herself, or, at worst, but a few years younger.

If sex must be regarded as something done with, it *had* to be! In a materialistic age, it is very much the fashion to consider physical welfare the one thing to be sought. But there *are* other values! There *is* a difference between people who let old age creep upon them, closing their eyes, determined to cling meanly to the pleasures, the intoxications right for youth. There *is* a difference, on a higher plane, between Shakespeare and Jane Austen. Shakespeare *saw* more. With his inner eyes he saw more.

The sloshing water gurgled reluctantly from the metal bowl, and Mrs. Winston, repacking her posses-

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sions, returned to her seat in the Pullman. She sat stiffly, with no more than an affectation of ease. Whenever men came through the car, she was very much aware of them, as they rocked stumblingly past her. She felt as if she were on trial. If the most beefy looking among them gave her, as he went by, a second glance of curiosity, it proved that, even by such low standards as *his,* she was still an object for interest. She was sick of herself! That *she* should solicit such judgments. A large stupid fellow across the aisle, who wore speckled tweeds, stared at her quite a lot. She writhed, acknowledging she took this as tribute. When, after all, it might only be that her hat was on crooked or that he was keen in spotting Paris clothes. She had a sudden feeling that she would like to spring up and leap through the train window, and get away—away—away from herself! She was debased, repulsive! She was injuring her own self-respect! She went up to the diner, to prove to herself that she was, at heart, indifferent to his opinion.

The afternoon wore chillily on, and it was evening. The outskirts of New York, on which a spring snow had fallen, were a leprous white, erupting the drab of buildings, the black of dump heaps and occasional trees. From a pale sky, the pink waftings of a delicate sunset rubied the snow. The heavens were a delphinium blue. A new moon, like a bent icicle, with fearful distinctness, clasped the shadow circle of its obscured self. From a sordid bit of water, Manhattan lights began to spring, or to make wriggling dives into the shadows. Beauty! And you were not of it. It was not in your own quality. When you were young, the very gestures you made in living conveyed happiness to others. For the young, everything was so *easy!* How had she failed to see that, when she, herself, had been engaged in a timid, difficult rebellion against an old authority! To enjoy what was lovely, now became a self-abnegation, a kind of glorifying martyrdom. You had to be true to the vision.

Harlem. Here, there was a constant show of squalid back bedrooms, of people undressing or having supper, high up in the squat cliffs of tenements overlooking the elevated tracks. Harlem was like a vast, many-tiered stage, enacting modern New York at its least prosperous. Death, you can take this refuse of a life finished with; but how can I dare go with you, and leave my child—to *this!* What did she mean? She was staring at snowy streets, already churned to chocolate froth. A horse, drawing a delivery wagon, slithered and slid on bowed haunches, as it came to a halt at a curb. White, bleeding air circled the lamps; and each lamp and electric sign had become the centre of a new solar system.

Derek would have become very much excited about Harlem in a snowfall. Would Helen? But, surely! Helen would, too. Helen's letters humbled you. If she will only let me *do* something for her, *be* something to her, Mrs. Winston thought; as the train slipped into darkness, and all was as it had been the night before, with the roaring and the feeling of hollowness, and of being lost.

The train shed was dim and monstrous, as usual. Mrs. Winston, beginning her brisk walk up the concrete incline, toward the marbled floors and sonorous brilliance of the Grand Central Station, was overwrought to the point of incoherence. I mustn't let Helen think me a hysterical fool! But she was not focused upon seeing Helen. No, it was Derek! In ten minutes, five minutes, three minutes, two and a half, she had been saying to herself, in the bright blackness of the Pullman, in the tunnel, with New York City overhead no more than a fiction, no more than a vast mechanism to hold one true life—Derek's.

Now I must remember not to be *too* affectionate, as if I owned him. (For the flesh of the mature continues to crave its refreshment from youth; while, to youth, maturity may be actually repulsive! How horrible to have Derek and Helen saying to themselves: Poor Mrs. Winston, poor Mother, poor Jane—Helen had once begun a letter: "Jane.")

She *saw* him! She would have known him anywhere. He was craning, gazing over the parti-colored, hustling crowd, that was splashed, as by design, with the constant red caps of porters. Mrs. Winston was so elated that she caught hold of her own porter's arm and shook it. "There!" she cried. "Right there, to the left! My son is meeting me! He's over *there!*" The porter nodded stolidly and stumbled forward with her load of bags. Why, Derek looked so *young!* She felt embarrassed by the thought that he, a child, was married, too. How had Helen had the heart to do it!

Helen's young, too, Mrs. Winston insisted to herself. I must remember that! She's *very* young! But females—somehow they *had* to be older. She picked Helen, at last, and, by this time, Derek and Helen had seen her. Mrs. Winston felt a queer, physiological surprise, at finding Derek in the company of this tall, handsome, blond young girl. There was a faint circling of coldness about Mrs. Winston's heart. Why, she's lovely! She's absolutely *beautiful,* Mrs. Winston drew from herself. And so *chic.* She disparaged Helen a little, calling her *"chic."* A conventional enough looking sort of girl, in appearance. Her smart little jacket and her fly-away beret with its feather. So *that's* Derek's ideal in womanhood! Of course *any* boy would think that kind of a girl pretty. Was she disappointed in Derek—*she,* his mother? Hadn't she *wanted* Derek to be like other boys? It was as if she had been trying to protect him,

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and he had rebuffed her. Both of them had rebuffed her. Yet Helen had such a sweet smile—a little self-conscious in coquetry, maybe—and Derek was waving his hat. Derek had recognized *her* first. It brought a tiny, gloating thrill. He was rushing to meet her, elbowing his way. But he was dragging Helen after him, too; and she hung back.

"Why, hello, Mother! This is—*good!*" Mrs. Winston shifted her chin instantly. With Helen there—she felt she shouldn't kiss him on the mouth. Derek had caught hold of his mother's chin and dragged her face around to his. What's the matter, Mother? She could read it in his eyes. So her reluctance had been wrong. They exchanged a full and resounding kiss. Now I must kiss Helen! Helen had remained in the background, watching, diffident, anxious to do the right thing. When Mrs. Winston offered her trembling lips, Helen responded with enthusiasm. And this was doing the right thing, also. "You didn't recognize me from Derek's description of me, did you?" Mrs. Winston accused graciously. "Of course I did!" But Helen lied. "You ought to hear the way he's raved, and now, my dear, I see why he—I don't know what to call you, dear."

"Why don't you call me 'Mother,' too?" It hurt. Like making something valuable quite cheap! Like a betrayal. It was done for *him*.

Helen laughed sweetly, the broad laugh of perfect teeth. Her eyes were quizzical, demurely deferential in their cautious scrutinies. "You look too young. And you're so small. I once dared to begin a letter 'Jane.' Maybe you'll let me call you 'Jane'?"

Mrs. Winston could feel, over her, the flush of an unwilling defiance. She felt quite nude. They were taking her at a disadvantage. "I don't *mind* being called 'Mother,'" she said. "I don't mind being called 'Jane,' either; but *not* because I 'look so *young*.' I can't bear women who hang on to youth!"

"But you don't *have* to hang to it! You're Derek's sister, I believe! Derek, why did you deceive me?" Helen bestowed her flattery with too much certainty. Her warmth—her cordiality—were offered carelessly, as those too lavishly endowed cosign their gifts. But I *mustn't* be censorious, Mrs. Winston reminded herself. I'm strange. She can't know how she ought to treat me, yet. It's difficult for her, as well. I *am* a brute!

Because here was Derek, glad to see Mother—being *terribly* glad to see Mother! (Almost *too* glad!) What *is* the matter with me, anyway? I *won't* be poisoned!

"Gee, Mother, you look fine," Derek remarked. But added: "Just a little tired. Suppose I dump this stuff of yours out in the parcel room, and we'll go have a bite to eat?"

Mrs. Winston and Helen were to be left tête-à-tête. Mrs. Winston glanced at Helen's composed, pleasantly attentive face uneasily. As Derek, with the porter, moved off, Derek called over his shoulder: "Isn't she pretty?" And, again: "Mother used to be something to look at herself, Helen."

Mrs. Winston's lips were primed to smile. Derek was truthful. She had always treasured his ingenuousness. Oh, it was true! Yes, it was true—for him. John Carter hadn't talked like that.

Helen's expression was of someone balanced on a very precarious edge. She was exactly like one of these tight-rope dancers, teetering and swaying with a parasol; but smiling reassuringly. It was—insulting! Though she didn't mean to be. You could catch the fright behind the smile. She made a small sound of amusement and disapproval. "Isn't he *terrible?* And so ridiculous! He *knows* his mother's pretty *now*. You mustn't mind him, will you, dear? I really *haven't* made him think he ought to flatter me!"

"I'm used to Derek's ways," Mrs. Winston said, aching with rebuke. "Besides, I've given up my vanity. He's right to give his compliments to you."

"But he's *so* proud of you, really. We've been counting the minutes all day. We could hardly wait!"

Helen was more serious, Derek out of the way. She was not letting anything escape her. Mrs. Winston felt her face condemned; though Helen's attitude was one of affection. As if *she* were the mother, I, the child, Mrs. Winston thought. To have *her* saying: You won't *mind* him, dear? Again, Mrs. Winston felt betrayed. She longed to leave them, who could never understand that there had been—a loss. If only Helen wouldn't keep on pampering her! They *don't* need to be gentle with me *all* the time, Mrs. Winston thought!

Derek was returning. To Mrs. Winston, isolated with Helen, his hat and shoulders seen above the bobbling throng were like a star. Helen, of course, had spied him, too. "Hurry, you silly! Keep us waiting here! Come on. Jane's hungry. Take her arm!"

Hungry! Mrs. Winston felt she couldn't *bear* to eat! "All right, girls. There's a restaurant in the arcade. That suit you, Mother? Shall we eat down here?" Mrs. Winston dropped behind; pushed them ahead. "You'll get lost, Jane, dear. Keep with us." But Mrs. Winston shook her head. "I won't, dears. You, two, go right on. The crowd's too thick."

Helen and Derek were a perfect "pair." Helen marched cockily along by him. Her complexion was just perfect. She seemed unmindful when men swerved to gaze. Unspoiled, Mrs. Winston told herself. Yet—indifference to admiration comes so cheap. To look like *that!* No wonder she doesn't care—or pretends that she doesn't care! A rich man who ignores the coppers that

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lie in his way! Mrs. Winston's cheeks were touched with rouge. Her pride was forcing her to speak. "I've been admiring you, afar," she said to them, as she came up. "And your complexion—in New York!" Mrs. Winston's eyes were warm with tears. "Helen!" she blurted suddenly. "You—you are *beautiful!*" To say this was, somehow, almost nobility.

"Isn't she, though!" Derek grinned, seeming to answer: Shan't we share her? As if it were possible! What share had Mrs. Winston in a young Venus? And what to give? Before this beauty, all her gifts were poor! They'd be no use to her, Mrs. Winston thought—till she's like me! 'You see—*I* used to be a blonde!' The silver streaks—and—in the dressing-room. As if I wanted to be like her *now!* There's something else—no one can touch! With every comment Mrs. Winston made, it seemed she did herself an injustice!

"I *told* you she was hard to beat," Derek said. "You watch! Look around you, Mother—anywhere in New York. You won't find another like her!"

"Derek, you're tiresome," Helen said. "Come on, let's eat."

They marched, with Helen leading decorously, through glass doors and a wilderness of white linen, and shaded lamps, and steely, burning cutlery. The tables were prepared for four. Derek, quite automatically, had drawn his chair. Helen was gently pouting, making grimaces. "Darling, you sit *between* us, now. It's crowded, when you're close to me!"

"Oh!" Derek was confused. He moved his place. Mrs. Winston caught the interchange of eyes. He understood!

If she could just not be *with* them! If she could sit afar and look at Derek! O, God, look at Derek! Fill her eyes and her soul, forever; then go away, and never come back!

Helen, with her mock-reproachful smile at her young husband, said: "Isn't it a pity we can't have champagne? We should celebrate! She's come *home*—all across the water, Derek, dear. For *you!*"

"For you, too," Mrs. Winston lied. "But I wouldn't call it coming 'home.' I leased my cottage until June. I can't stay in New York too long." It was misery to state this. And untrue. They were driving her to it. Their mockery of *home!* And they comprehended nothing—not a single thing. Mrs. Winston had an arrogant feeling of relief. She could grimace her affection, now, more easily. What she was suffering, they should not realize. She was *alone!* But, Derek— Would she be able to live on, and cast off all longing—all but a pure, vivid indifference? Indifference to Derek, still, was like a *sin!*

Helen said: "Oh, what a pity! You poor little Jane! But we want you to consider it home where *we* are!" While Helen was talking, Derek was fumbling, underneath the tablecloth, to catch her hand. She perked at him and fought him off. Her eyebrows crinkled in coquettish reprimand. She frowned in vain. The reprimand became a more inviting moue.

"I do feel *quite* at home with you," Mrs. Winston argued feverishly, as to herself. "But—your flat is so tiny, dear. When we leave here, I think it would be sensible—I would prefer—for the sake of all of us—to go to an hotel."

Derek was distracted to quit his furtive love-making. He scrutinized his mother with a troubled air. He *cares!* (The thrill.) Then—have I sunk to *this?* His sheepish and emotional gaze sharpened to a faint doubt and pain. "Why, Mother! Yes, it's very small—but Helen's moved the furniture for you! Of course if you had rather be all by yourself——"

"She *had,*" Helen propitiated, "so just let's don't nag! We'll see her when she feels like seeing us. It would be simply *lovely* having her there to ourselves, but—if she were—I expect Jane had rather feel herself quite free."

Mrs. Winston felt she wasn't making any special plea, but she was *not* the petty-natured sort! Her reputation, even among women friends, was that of some one very frank! And she *couldn't* be frank with Helen! Could *not* tell Helen that she knew herself superfluous! Am I a book that Helen believes she has read, Mrs. Winston thought! (Let me be stone!)

"Darling," Helen said to Derek—a Helen still perky and glowing with the adulation which she considered no more than due, but *tender* to a woman who was her inferior (so she regarded it)—tender and kind! "You never told me that your mother had such lovely eyes! You *should* have bragged! They're like yours, dear—though more—though more—I don't know what."

"Boo!" Derek derided self-centredly. "Who cares a hang about my eyes! Let's change the subject, please!" He looked hard at the menu card. His cheeks were flushed. When he lifted his head impulsively, he cried: "But, I say, Mother, what about Helen? Aren't her eyes what's called 'gentian blue'?"

"Yes," Mrs. Winston agreed, with lean enthusiasm (though, of course, sincere).

"We have a million questions to ask you, and don't know where to begin," Helen said brightly, covering a silence, with *too much* discretion.

If she could just get him alone, and say: Derek, I don't *want* to possess you! But I am here, passively; and I'll always be here—for *you!* If you are in trouble—if ever you *want* anything of me——

How sad that happy people don't need you! So, without wanting to be that, you become a sort of harpy.

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Because only where there is pain, will you be required! You won't be needed for a gayer feast!

Let them blot her out! Far from this scene, from which they casually excluded her, her blessing might, again, be genuine and *sweet!* You *can't* delight in that bruised look in Derek's disconcerted face! You self-perjured, you hideous, you *old,* revoltingly deceitful thing!

Mrs. Winston let Derek slip her lax arms into the sleeves of her fur coat. Helen guesses I am jealous, Mrs. Winston thought. She's too secure, and too superior, to condemn me! She *knows* I'm her inferior! The old are always far beneath the young! But age is just a kind of illness, after all. A gradual, unspectacular descent. I'm sick! I'm *sick!*

All the way across town in the taxi, Mrs. Winston could see Helen's eyes wondering at her, and, with a keen, repressed skepticism, questioning her good will. Helen regarding the mother-in-law! The burdensome problem! "You're nervous and overwrought, Jane, dear," Helen said. "Maybe you've been brooding too much. Derek does that—sometimes. But I'm curing him of it." Helen, wriggling back into the taxi seat, put on her cockily cajoling air. "I'm not deep and profound like he is—I mean I'm not philosophical about life, and everything. But I just feel, somehow, people *do* invite trouble by dwelling on morbid aspects. And if we all try to see the bright side—Derek makes fun of me! He says I'm Pollyanna. Isn't he *too* mean! Because I want to try to cheer you up, *you* won't do that?"

She reached over and gave a squeeze to Mrs. Winston's glove. "It's headache. Such a stuffy railway journey," Mrs. Winston said. "We *need* a Pollyanna in this family, I expect." She sent the nervous pressure back. Should *she* concern herself with Helen's mind! Now she and Derek had exchanged a look. Derek had wanted to apologize. Mrs. Winston, resisting her evil ecstasy, refused to meet another glance.

Derek must be happy! If Derek is unhappy—and because of me—I *can't* exist—way off—*alone!*

"Listen, you children," Mrs. Winston said, pulling herself up stiffly, and, as she moved forward on the cushions, laying a cramped palm on the knees of each, "you are neither of you *ever* to be *good* to me! Do you understand? Your business is to live your own lives, and be as selfish about it as human beings normally are. And if you dare give me *one* thought that isn't spontaneous—except as you actually need me—I won't forgive you! Do you hear me, Helen? This is meant for *you!*"

Mrs. Winston felt Helen squirm, wriggle, shifting her knees, not knowing how to reply to such an abrupt, astonishing proposal. It was unkind, bringing on a *situation,* when there wasn't anything, Helen would think. "Why, Jane, darling! We're selfish. I guess everybody is. But to want to *push* you out of our affairs! It isn't nice of you to imagine *I* would—when Derek's always simply *worshipped* you! Though I admit I have been jealous of you—just a little bit!" It was thrown out—that! With Helen's cunning little smile. Another *sop!* "You tell Jane how much you adore her, Derek. She won't believe me!"

"I thought she didn't need to be told any more," Derek reproached. His voice was gruff. His eyes sought Helen's, for a clue. "Mumsy, you don't *mind* it that I'm a nut about old Helen, *do* you, now?" he pleaded.

"Mind? When your happiness is everything to me! Helen should know I'm very grateful, dear." Have I become a hobgoblin?

It was snowing slightly, after the deceptive moonrise, and the store fronts, seen across the satin damask of the asphalt street, were purpled by an atmosphere like mist. Where there were red electric signs, the air was filtering a rain of jewels. The road lamps all had hair of gold. A drug-store window might have held the eucharist. New York was ugly, and was beautiful—for *them!* The dead resent!

The hotel front shot up in lights. The taxi stopped. "I don't believe I'll get out of the taxi, Derek," Helen said tactfully. "You take your mother in and find a room for her. She might like ten minutes alone with you. *Anybody* has a right to want to see their only child alone."

Derek said anxiously: "You'll get so cold!"

Helen was snuggling in her fur. The quick, demure flash of her scrutiny. Derek interrogated with his helpless stare. Helen was reassuring him. "I'm *so* pleased you've arrived, Jane," Helen whispered, with her fleetest smile. "You *would* have felt that you were tripping over us in our joke of an apartment! You'll be lots better here, *won't* you?" And, this time, it was Helen who produced the kiss.

Mrs. Winston, fidgeting in the marbled lobby, which was teeming with its night crowd, going out to dinner, coming in, watched Derek bent above the hotel desk. She loved—she—Oh, could love be *wrong?* "Will you please come and sign your name, Mother?" She obeyed quickly, docile and abased. When the clerk examined her with weary curiosity, she asked: "Where, *son?* Just on that line?" And felt, degradingly, *so* proud.

They marched on toward the brazen rows of elevators, behind potted palms. Lamely—a beggar who would have a crumb—she sought for Derek's withheld arm. In the carpet-cushioned mausoleum of the upper corridor, between the hospital-like lines of doors, her sense of illness grew acute. She couldn't bear her silence more. "Darling," she murmured in his ear, "it's

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lovely—Helen—and it's *all* all right! Please forgive me for being *tired*. I don't mean to upset you both. Don't worry about *anything!*"

Derek's grave, darkened eyes expressed a prompt relief. He swerved to gaze at her and glow upon her solemnly. She *meant* it! She was aching to express sincerity. "I *won't!*" How she could worship at his boyish readiness to put aside the instant passed!

The bellboy trotted forward toward the empty room. Derek surveyed the corridor. His arm slipped ardently about his mother's waist. "You mustn't ever think it isn't *everything* to have you back again!" he cried, with a broken, petitioning exuberance. "You don't know how I—count on you! You've always been such a —darn *brick!*"

Now there was such a gush of her affection that it wiped out misery, wiped out constraint. The bellboy had already turned to leave. She felt quite gay, entering the naked comfort of the bedchamber. "Sweetheart!" she gasped. She thought about the thronged and radiant streets. New York! Derek had always said that anything could happen here. Her pulse revived. Its strength was lifting her. The whole world, in this dim imprivacy of the discreet hotel, took color from the mood which re-bestowed her normal universe, filled with the million strangers out of doors, the snow; and there was, suddenly, within her heart, a conviction of plenty and of gorgeousness!

Derek had slung his hat on the rebuffingly immaculate bed. "It's not so bad." He glanced around. "You won't mind if I flop here half a sec', will you? Here, Mother, have a cigarette."

Mrs. Winston shook her head, as she removed her hat. This time, she didn't bother with the looking-glass. She couldn't smoke. But Derek let her *love* herself! At last, he could! His grin was better than a looking-glass. It approved *her!* There was an end of enigma. His gaze admiring and accepting *her*. No intervention. Her and *him!* She drank his tolerance and had life!

"How nice to have you," she remarked. "And Helen's really dear and sweet!" She could praise Helen, since they were alone—add praise to praise, for *him*, for HIM!

"I *knew* you'd like her," Derek said. She caught the flicker in his tone—a faint deflection from his attitude of easiness. But *let* me praise her—now I can. "Oh, Derek! *Like!* I am in love with her! She's so exquisite! Oh, she's *beautiful!*"

"I'll have to go. She might get cold." He walked up to a tray on the nightstand and snuffed his cigarette. Then he marched to his mother and hugged her close. "I *do* appreciate you," he said breakingly.

His arms strained. She could feel his heart. "I—Mother—I—" His mutterings broke. Oh, rapture! Let me never wake! Neither could speak.

"Well, so long," Derek said. "Have a good night in this barracks! See you tomorrow!" The interchange of loving stares had, somehow, all at once, become a treachery. "Helen will telephone, when you have had a rest. And, if you want me—" He was at the door. On the way, he had snatched up his hat. With that gesture, he had resumed his casualness. So it was done. Committed sin. Derek waved jauntily and stepped outside. The strange, impersonal, engulfing corridor had swallowed him, and wicked hope.

Mrs. Winston shrank, in her indecent solitude. She glanced down. Saw a crumpled object lying on the floor. And picked it up. One of his gloves! Before she had considered, she was folding it avidly against her mouth. She held it there. Out of the limpid darkness which was now her mind, the heavy, almost disemboweling sobs rose slowly. Thank God, there was no one to see! She flung herself on the uncrinkled linen of the chintz bedspread, and wept and wept. Above the roofs, beyond the window, city lights crept stealthily over the night. Her own lamp beamed into her eyes. She moved the switch and isolation grew appropriate —in the sweet gloom. But what she had at this instant was *truly* hers! Derek himself could never take this thing away. What last years have and cannot share. *Never* to share. Not grace, not pain. To live in lands where *you* will be the only citizen—with a Derek, Derek himself would never recognize. And Helen didn't even know. Mrs. Winston wanted Helen with her here. Helen, just look! He was like *that!* The child of memory!

Mrs. Winston crawled from the bed and turned on the lamp again. She stared over the buildings. Gradually, minutely, in its weak solution of electric pink—of watered claret and bitter ashes—the pale atmosphere sent a slow blessing toward the emptying streets. The sidewalks grew lichen. The roads were lambs' wool. Each pedestrian was a pathfinder, leaving a track across a hitherto untrodden world. The motor tires made a clean carving through the fresh white snow. At the line of the park, there was the black, fairy anger of the little, barren trees, against the bright, drab blush.

When you are young enough, you like, occasionally, to consider yourself as a child—an abused child. And you like to think that some man will be considerate of your sorrows—because of the turn of your cheek, or the line of your ear. When you are an old woman, you have nothing with which to soften people's hearts. You can't ask them to accept your griefs in exchange for the pleasure you are giving them. And then you have to grow up, very suddenly. Dignified old people are the only ones who have *really* grown up—who must look

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to themselves and not to the crowd, or to the next sympathetic adviser. *Must* I face that?

Mrs. Winston drew herself laggingly before the broad dressing-table, with its lacy cover. It was like an altar unadorned, without worshippers to stand before it. She wasn't *really* so bad looking—yet. But—after all—what *had* to come! It couldn't be circumvented—the human fate. Supposing she dropped off—from the fire escape—down there—on the stones that would take nothing from her feeling? It wouldn't be fair to Derek. So, in a negative fashion, you had to go on living for people—even when they were done with you.

The telephone rang. It tringled monotonously for a long while. If Mrs. Winston had dared, she would have refused to answer it. But it might be the office. They might think——

With a cringing feeling, wanting to withdraw from all contacts, she lifted the receiver. "Hello," said Mrs. Winston's weary and unfriendly voice. "Hello, Jane, sweetheart. You sound tired. Are you feeling a little better? Derek and I have been talking about you—worrying about you. We are *so* delighted to have you here, my dear—*I* am particularly, Jane. I hope you'll *like* me—just a teency bit?"

"I do like you, darling. I think you and I are going to be great friends. And I have something for you. I'll give it to you in the morning. Yes, I shall be ready for you about nine o'clock. You can come by. Goodnight. My blessings upon both of you!"

But she wanted to run to the window and throw herself over the sill! She was caught. She couldn't get away! She might turn in sixty directions and *never* get away! Her fate went on ahead of her, like a road which was endless, harder and harder to climb, with more humiliation—*if* they should find out!—at every step! What was *her* meaning—a meaning that didn't belong to youth only? What was it? And she sat there, on the edge of the bed, clapping her hands together softly, lacing her fingers and pressing her palms against each other until the force she exerted hurt her. People don't think this time ever has to *be!* They don't recognize it, she thought wildly, amazed that *she* had never prepared for it!

And then she was certain. She felt a kind of stoic rigidity—not exactly resistance, but a stiffening; and then a calm.

She opened the largest of her suitcases and began to remove from it square after folded square of ivory and orchid silk. They were nightgowns, step-ins. She had bought them for Helen, and she must make an interesting parcel of them. But she ought to *really* give them—with everything in herself which had once had care for personal adornment, and for the vanity of admiration. She would. She *could!* But, afterward, what then?

THE CHILDREN IN AUTUMN

By George Dillon

They come in the dead season, insulting Time,
Whistling, disputing, dragging behind them, each,
Enormous boughs of red and gold, and climb
Shouting into a great dishevelled beech.

Nothing remonstrates—nothing is distressed:
No bird flies out, uneasy for its brood,
Nor whitefaced hornet from its papery nest.
They are unheeded in the echoing wood.

They are unheard among the ravelling leaves,
The spoiled cocoons, the moths that hang and rot
In the round silver lace a spider weaves.
Busy with death, the great tree knows them not.

Now in the wind it solemnly shakes and sighs,
Shedding its ragged colours cloud on cloud.
Joyous, with shirts ballooning and bright eyes,
The children hug the branches, jeering aloud,

Louder than autumn! But to what avail?
Time like a wind is blowing night and day,
And the old wood will stand against that gale
When it has blown these lovely ones away.

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Those Eminent Victorians

They didn't invent "Victorianism" but rebelled against it. Under conditions similar to those now facing us, they give us lessons in tolerance and wit.

By Howard Mumford Jones

Our present economic chaos has been given its full measure of discussion, but I have been moved to wonder, in following such of it as I could, why we write and talk about unemployment and the problems of the machine age as if these particular questions were entirely novel and strange, and why, in view of the ineffectual way we handle them, we continue to patronize the nineteenth century, the central problems of which were similar. Indeed, I go even farther. I think it high time to re-examine that whole maligned period, not only for what it may teach us in new adjustments, but for what it offers in tolerance and wit as well.

I

We are all too familiar with the attacks on the Victorians. They conjure up the hair-cloth sofa, the Sunday-school tract, the antimacassar, the what-not, the bustle, and the unhygienic skirt. Victorianism is the elder generation. Victorianism is the pretense that if you do not name a thing, it isn't there. Those who dislike to discuss sex merely in terms of biology are apt to be classified with the lady who noted sadly the difference between the home life of Cleopatra and that of our dear Queen. Those who admire Gladstone (if anybody does) are Victorians, albeit those who admire Disraeli (and the Victorians admired him enough to make him premier) are not. To talk of duty, honor, the obligations of being a gentleman, the responsibilities of matrimony, or the sacredness of religious belief is to be Victorian. The Victorians were so bent on being moral that they ignored the unpleasant aspects of life. They had no use for art which was not ethical; they displayed, it is alleged, an embarrassing familiarity with the purposes of the Almighty. Did not one of them proclaim that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world, though the world was palpably maladjusted; did not another sing aloud that he was going to be Queen of the May? Victorian stuffiness, Victorian decorum, Victorian prudery, Victorian solemnity!

Well, in one sense they had a right to be solemn. The first half of the century, like our own, was a period of recurrent crises, but whereas we confine our discussions to "serious weeklies" and long-faced conferences and ineffectual newspaper editorials, the Victorians were of the opinion that the national conscience was concerned, and sought in their writings to arouse thinking on the subject. Our own fiction is monotonously compounded of sex and psychology; we pooh-pooh the purpose novel; and (except for Upton Sinclair) almost no contemporary author of importance is concerned in fiction to arouse public interest in public questions. The Victorians thought otherwise. From the day when Bulwer Lytton in his first novel converted Pelham to utilitarian thought, to the day when George Gissing laid down his pen, a consciousness of the importance of man to society and of society to man is a constant theme in nineteenth-century fiction. Mrs. Gaskell and Charles Kingsley cry out against social injustice. Thackeray studies the adjustment of the parvenus and the upper classes. Disraeli outlines a political philosophy in the Young England novels, a genre in which Trollope followed him. George Eliot bases her books on a social philosophy, and to George Meredith a reading of life is a reading of earth. Similarly the poets—Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, Meredith—are aware of political issues and turn them into beautiful and enduring verse.

Now I am far from thinking that literature is any better for being sociological, but most of us will agree that literature tends to be better when it is written with a "large discourse," and I confess that the relative thinness of American fiction since our own Victorian age ended seems to me to arise from the fact that it is based on a very narrow reading of life—the reading which sees the be-all and the end-all of the novelist's business as sex and psychology. And I wonder, in view of the relative brittleness of most contemporary fiction, whether we are quite entitled to patronize the Victorian novelist? Have we mastered the art of the novel so completely that we can afford to dismiss as naïve a Dickens who, more than any other single figure, in the opinion of his contemporaries, made readers aware of social chaos in England? Our solitary exhibit in the way of broad canvases and social satire is Sinclair Lewis (perhaps some would add Dreiser), a humorist

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of great power, but is it not odd that whereas we produce only one of this kind, the Victorians produced a score?

I have said that the problems of that period and our own were similar. On the one hand, there was, for example, the inherited system of the universe. There was God, whose wondrous hand the nightly stars hymned as of old. There was an intricate and reasonably formed universe which He had invented, and everywhere traces of His handiwork could be found. There was the Anglican Church as by law established. There was man, who certainly had a body, and who was presumed, as even Shelley admitted, to have a spirit and probably a soul. There were the Queen, God bless her, and England's wooden walls, and the Duke of Wellington. In fact, there was a noble world inhabited by noble beings. And then there came crashing down on the Victorians a bewildering variety of changes, discoveries, and revolutions.

Startling theories of geology ruined the comfortable chronology of the King James Bible and reduced the life of man to an inconsiderable second in infinite time. Astronomical investigations extended the regions of heaven until earth was lost in infinite space. More and more it appeared that man was a great deal lower than the angels, and about the middle of the century he appeared to be a good deal closer to the animals. A succession of brilliant investigations in science smashed the good old comfortable mathematical universe of the eighteenth century into bits. In the heavens there was only anarchy, and on earth nature was red in tooth and claw. The Anglican faith was split by a schism which sent some of its most brilliant minds into the Roman Catholic fold, and Arnold later pleaded in vain with the Puritans to return to the Established Church. Could it be that the old system was wrong? The system that seemed as certain as the Duke of Wellington and as invincible as the Life Guards at Waterloo? Amidst the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds the Victorians clung to one essential belief—they were not under any circumstances going to admit that human life was any less interesting or important or dignified or noble, even though the heavens fell and hell blew up—in fact, one of them, Frederick Denison Maurice, helped in the explosion. They did their best to reconcile the smashing impact of the new science, which threatened to reduce everything to anarchic materialism, with their inherited belief in the dignity of human life. If we are today anything more than certain worms writhing in midnight, we owe our sanity to the Victorians. They conserved the human tradition, and without the human tradition, we should be stark, raving mad.

While the physical universe was crashing around them, the political and social world, too, seemed to be going to pieces, as Carlyle and others gloomily observed. The fixed and immutable laws of political economy, traced logically to their tragic conclusion by Ricardo, McCulloch, and the Manchester School, seemed to indicate that modern life would have to be one of increasing misery. They saw poverty in the streets and heard revolutions across the water. From 1820 to 1870 the Victorians struggled with depressions at home and counted a succession of crashes abroad; yet the streets of London, unlike the streets of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or Richmond, never ran red with blood or echoed to the tread of a conquering army. The Victorians went into the nineteenth century with an England that was in many ways the little old England of Walpole's time, and they emerged with an empire that, with all its defects, was the most remarkable the world had seen since Rome. Theirs is one of the most extraordinary examples of national continuity and astonishing readjustments in the history of mankind.

How did they manage it? I suspect we have overstressed Victorian prejudice; for they managed it by a tolerance for unexpected developments which far surpasses ours. They were capable of absorbing strange food. They made a Jewish novelist prime minister of England, despite his curls and his waistcoats; and I need not comment on the chances of either a Jew or a novelist, much less both, being elected President of this enlightened republic. They elected an atheist to parliament, and when parliament threw him out, they continued to elect him until not atheism, but parliament, gave way; and I hardly need mention the possibility of electing a Charles Bradlaugh to the Senate of the United States. They suffered a group of aliens to tie up the business of the House of Commons night after night under the leadership of O'Connell and his followers; and I cannot imagine delegates from the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico enjoying the same liberty in the House of Representatives. Huxley told a bishop to his face in a public meeting that in his opinion the bishop was a fool and hinted that he was a liar; yet Huxley served on more public commissions (or so his biographer states) than any other British scientist. Would an American professor in a State university be similarly honored? I think we have talked too much about Victorian moral conformity.

II

You cannot, said Burke, indict a whole people; and it is difficult to indict a whole century. That the Victorians (to confine ourselves to them) had their characteristic weaknesses is evident; but one grows weary by and by of so monotonous and one-sided an argument and longs for a little more attention to a few obvious facts.

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For example, one is confronted by the charge of moral prudery. It is evident one can retort that the Victorians were often refreshingly immoral, and if this form of argument is hilariously absurd, it will at least awake the jaded attention of modern critics. Against the charge that the Victorians insisted upon the standards of middle-class respectability for all forms of conduct, let us set some bits of biography. The period opens in 1837, with the arrest of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, artist and designer (the friend of Charles Lamb), who poisoned various harmless persons, partly for cash and partly for pleasure, and closes with Oscar Wilde, who wrote charmingly of Wainewright, and whose particular form of vice even our advanced generation has not brought itself to condone. The philosophical thought of the age was largely shaped by John Stuart Mill, who ran off with another man's wife, and its most characteristic novelist is George Eliot, who lived for over twenty years quite openly with a man she was not married to, for the sufficient reason that he was another woman's husband. The most amusing essay of Thomas De Quincey, who did not die until 1859, is a whimsical defense of murder considered as one of the fine arts, and his best-known work is an æsthetic description of the dreams of an opium-eater. Rossetti took chloral; James Thompson drank himself to death; and from Ford Madox Hueffer's absorbing "Memories and Impressions" I cull the following pleasing anecdote concerning a visit paid by William Sharp to the house of Philip Marston, the blind poet:

"He found the poor blind man in the clutches of the poet I have just omitted to name, crushed beneath him and, I think, severely bitten. The poet had had an attack of delirium tremens and imagined himself a Bengal tiger. Leaving Marston, he sprang on all fours toward Sharp, but he burst a blood-vessel and collapsed on the floor. Sharp lifted him onto the sofa, took Marston into another room, and then rushed hatless through the streets to the hospital that was around the corner. The surgeon in charge, himself drunk, seeing Sharp covered with blood, insisted on giving him in charge for murder; Sharp, always a delicate man, fainted. The poet was dead of hemorrhage before assistance reached him."

And in the same book I am reminded that Madox Brown, "whose laudable desire it was at many stages of his career to redeem poets and others from dipsomania, was in the habit of providing several of them with labels upon which were inscribed his own name and address." The poets, when too drunk to get about, were then brought by cabmen or others to Fitzroy Square, where the maid and the cabman promptly put them into a bath and made them drink strong coffee, the bath being selected because the poet would "not be able to roll out and injure himself." But let us continue.

Charles Dickens, in the minds of many the chief purveyor of Victorian sentimentality, separated from his wife and quarrelled incessantly with his publishers. George Meredith left his first wife, the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, and celebrated in "Modern Love," published in 1862, not a triangle situation, but a quadrilateral one. M. Lafourcade, the French student of Swinburne, points out that Richard Monckton Milnes owned a library of erotica, introduced the poet to the works of the Marquis de Sade, and encouraged him to write poems celebrating various sexual perversities, that are unpublished and unpublishable. Among Swinburne's friends was Sir Richard Burton, whose chief masterpiece cannot for obvious reasons go through the mails. Swinburne himself got drunk ("and how drunk he used to get!" writes Julian Field, an Oxford student who knew him); indulged in the most outrageous language; and was frequently referred to by the erudite Furnivall, the Shakespeare editor, as "Pigsbrook." As for the literary groups with which the Victorian period closes, their "morality," as any reader of Holbrook Jackson's "The Eighteen Nineties" knows, was a little to seek—Francis Thompson took opium, John Davidson killed himself, Aubrey Beardsley is remembered for decadent drawings, and Ernest Dowson's brief career was scarcely memorable for ethical balance.

Now of course these tergiversations do not prove anything except as they raise doubts about careless judgments on the Victorians. As it is sometimes argued, however, that facts like these are exceptional and that the true tone of Victorianism is to be sought in the work of Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, and Dickens, let us look at some of it. There is no doubt that Dickens invented Little Nell and Paul Dombey; that George Eliot wrote a Sunday-school story in "The Mill on the Floss"; that Tennyson was often sentimental; and that Browning was an irritating optimist. But is this all the story? Is there anywhere a more vigorous denunciation of cant and hypocrisy than in the novels of Dickens, the creator of Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Chadband and Mr. Podsnap? Thackeray certainly complained that he could not write with the openness of Fielding, but if the author of Becky Sharp and Major Pendennis was really hampered in depicting them, the fact is not patent; if there is a more appalling picture in brief compass of human greed and depravity than in the story (too little read) of the Honorable Mr. Deuceace as set forth by Mr. Yellowplush, his footman; if there is anywhere a more succinct statement of the lack of connection between worldly success and the official principles of that success than "Pendennis," I do not know where it is. George Eliot undoubtedly wrote "Silas Marner"; but exactly what moral lesson is to be drawn from the loss of Mr. Tulliver's fortune, and

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what is the precise application of the seventh commandment to the life of Dorothea Brooke? Has anybody surpassed the sharpness with which Trollope pictured worldly clergymen in the Barchester series, or worldly aristocrats and parvenus in the parliamentary novels? Is any reader of Disraeli still of the opinion that cynicism was unknown in the nineteenth century? Did or did not the Victorians produce those great eccentrics, George Borrow and Edward Fitzgerald, the author of "Hajji Babba," and the author of "The Way of All Flesh"? The Victorian novel begins, if you please, with Peacock the satirist and closes with Meredith volleying arrows of silvery laughter; it includes the great apology for the natural man to be found in "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye"; and it numbers among its principal exhibits (a fact frequently forgotten) the serried titles of one Thomas Hardy, who was emphatically of the opinion that God is not in his heaven and that all is not right with the world.

As for poetry, let us look at Tennyson, that arch example of all the Victorian qualities. Arthur, it must be admitted, is not much of a man, but what about Ulysses? "Enoch Arden" is rather bad, but what about the poem which reads:

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs,—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million suns?

I cheerfully surrender Galahad to anybody who wants him, but this same Tennyson wrote "The Revenge"; and if the true test of poetical worth is pessimism (for so our modern argument seems to run) I submit in evidence this product of Tennyson's last years:

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

And then there is Browning. On the literary exchange Browning stock has at present sunk to its lowest level since the organization of Browning clubs, and there are almost no takers. I do not count myself among the Browning enthusiasts, but even the author of "Pippa Passes" is entitled to fair play; and I would merely observe that the famous phrase about the exact whereabouts of God with respect to the rightness of earth is not spoken by Browning *in propria persona,* but by Pippa herself as part of the dramatic action of the story, which has for its end to show the unconscious effect that the words of one human being may have in the lives of others—a theme not unknown to our stream-of-consciousness novelists. And this same Browning, so cheery, so irritatingly glad, had a fine eye for a scoundrel, as witness "Mr. Sludge the Medium" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" and "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church"; argued on occasion that it was better to be vitally immoral than passively moral; stole an invalid woman from her father; and (unless I am much mistaken) set a fashion for writing dramatic monologues which the admirable E. A. Robinson and other modern poets are still following without surpassing.

III

The truth is that, instead of inventing "Victorianism," the Victorians engaged in incessant warfare against the cant and hypocrisy they inherited from the maudlin sentimentality of the eighteenth century. At the opening of that epoch Shaftesbury taught that there was inherent in the human heart a something which his disciple, Hutcheson, was to label the "moral Sense." In the innumerable volumes of Daniel Defoe England read that nothing succeeds like success; that when you have money you ought to invest it prudently; that a bad woman can be made good by putting her funds out at six per cent; and that a wicked pirate becomes respectable when he retires to trade and to overreaching his fellow man in a bargain. The fashionable pens of Steele and Addison were presently at work refining female manners in the direction of modesty, good sense, and prudery; admonishing noblemen not to duel, drink, or gamble, but to follow the example of Sir Roger de Coverley and look after their tenants benevolently and morally. Soon on the stage you learned that female delicacy is always to be protected—read the "Conscious Lovers" for an example; and if you attended the "London Merchant," which moved the acid Mr. Pope to tears, you learned a good sound moral lesson as to the fate of the idle boys—for the apprentice takes up with a prostitute, embezzles money, shoots his good old uncle, is caught, repents, and is hanged, to the accompaniment of such a salvo of moral platitudes as no Victorian novelist ever dreamed of.

And the doctrine was continually preached throughout the eighteenth century. What are the novels of Richardson but involved Sunday-school lessons in a low and prudential order of morality? What is Fielding's "Amelia" but an object lesson in the domestic virtues? What are the poems of Edward Young except lessons in religiosity? What is "The Vicar of Wakefield" (in this connection at least) but a lesson in impossible goodness, and what is Samuel Johnson, among other things, but a dispenser of ethical commonplaces? No, it is not in the Victorian age that heroines begin to faint on the slightest provocation; it is in the novels and plays that preceded the nineteenth century. Nineteenth-century writers, with all their faults, never preached so ostentatious a morality as did Richardson, nor taught, like Defoe, that money is the test of virtue.

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No religious poetry of the Victorian era is as lugubrious as Young's "Night Thoughts" or Hervey's prose "Meditations Among the Tombs." The moral story for the young was really founded by the heavily virtuous female writers of the eighteenth century, and the moral tale flowed from the pens of Samuel Johnson, Mrs. Barbauld, Hannah More, and John Gay long before Little Nell died and Colonel Newcomb was called away and Tito ruined Romola's life.

Of course this is not the whole truth about the eighteenth century, but it is a truth critics of Victorianism ignore when they declare that the Victorians, forgetting the glorious freedom of Byron and Shelley, invented a pall of morality and snuffily turned from art to the sermon. Their leaders did nothing of the kind. They took what had been given them and made the best of it. They were a race of rebels. They had little use for the ethical codes which had cramped average human conduct for a hundred years and which, reinforced by the eighteenth-century reasoning of the utilitarians and the laissez-faire economists, threatened to cramp human conduct still. Indeed, we read them ill if we continue to forget that they were struggling with the great burden of "morality" which they inherited from the century before them.

IV

There still remain, however, the undeniable Victorian Sunday, the black clothing, and the sober faces in the faded daguerreotypes; the solemn discourses of John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold; Herbert Spencer and Bishop Wilberforce, Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Humphry Ward. But even granting them, there is yet another aspect of the Victorians which we all too often neglect. We fail to remember that this gloomy age is likewise the age of British humor and that the nineteenth century has actually given more first-rate humorists to English literature than any other century in the long roll of English letters.

The wit of the century which invented *Punch* is perhaps its most enviable possession. The Victorians did not take themselves half so seriously as we take them now. Anecdote after anecdote exists to prove that the period was a time of exuberance and gaiety. William Morris, for example, stepped to the head of the stairs in that amazing household which contained the pre-Raphaelites (when they were not joyously quarrelling) and called down to the cook: "Mary, those six eggs you served me for breakfast were bad. I ate them, but don't let it happen again." There is Edmund Yates's biting comment on Thackeray's first lecture, when, asked his opinion of the performance, he meditated solemnly and remarked with becoming laconicism: "Very good. Wants a piano." Swinburne on one celebrated occasion met Tennyson at the house of a friend and said, "We understand, of course, that Arthur is Prince Albert and Guinevere is Queen Victoria, but, Tennyson, who is Launcelot?" There is W. S. Gilbert's famous comment on Beerbohm Tree in "Hamlet": "Funny, without being vulgar." There is, in short, an endless stream of anecdote and persiflage which makes Victorian letters and memoirs an infinite delight.

In fact, when drollery is almost a major theme in the Victorian period, it is wonderful to see how critics forget to account for it. The age begins with Sydney Smith, who once dryly remarked: "Benevolence is a natural instinct of the human mind; when A sees B in grievous distress, his conscience always urges him to entreat C to help him"—and from that witty punster goes its scintillating way to Oscar Wilde, the epigrammatist. Was there ever such a feast of humor as Victorian fiction alone presents—the brilliant pages of Disraeli, the inimitable Dickens; Thackeray, over whose "Victorian" novels there plays a constant stream of satire and fun; George Eliot with her great comic peasant creations; George Borrow with his joy in life and humor; Trollope and the vagaries of cathedral life; the wit and wisdom of George Meredith? And as if this were not enough, there are the great eccentric novelists from Peacock, the irresistible, to Mallock's "The New Republic" and John Davidson's half-mad concoctions. There is Browning, a master of grotesque satire; Tom Hood—and when next it is argued that the Victorians could not call a woman's "limb" by its right name, let the cynic read "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Precious Leg"; there is the long succession of verse humorists from Father Prout to Charles Stuart Calverley. How in the name of common sense can a period be writ down as unmitigatedly solemn which produced Edward Lear and the "Ingoldsby Legends," Lewis Carroll, and W. S. Gilbert? Has any one arisen in this earnest age to create another Pooh-Bah or a new "Pirates of Penzance"? Had anybody until "Of Thee I Sing" was written laughed at the Senate as Gilbert laughed at the House of Lords, and do we dare treat our bishops as airily as that great man depicted the Bishop of Rum-Ti-Foo? It would appear from all this that the Victorians were not all such grave deacons as the world imagines. In fact, I believe that the absurd seriousness with which we read novels based on the fairy-tales of Freud, and ponderous works of fiction based upon the insubstantial fabric of disordered syntax and stream-of-consciousness anarchy must awaken mirth among the Victorians. And I think we might profit from the Gargantuan gales of laughter which come to us across the what-nots and set the patent rocking-chairs a-rocking, and which, blowing more softly, sigh through the woods where Alice and the White Knight walk forever to the delectation of mankind.

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Boys Are Bad

A STORY

By Carroll E. Robb

THE fresh guy, Eddie Conway, looked up at the two girls in the cashier's box at the end of the mezzanine. He had on the patent-leather hair, cutaway coat, and striped trousers of his job as assistant floorwalker.

"Your side-kick won't ever give me a tumble," he said in a low voice to Lucille Rivolta, but cocking an eye toward Miss Sturm's back. "She's certainly hard boiled."

Miss Rivolta looked carelessly down at him. "Oh, it ain't that," she said. "Elsa don't much care for fellows, that's all—a lot of girls are like that."

Mr. Conway waved one hand. "Boloney," he said. "You mean to tell me she won't let any guy in?"

Miss Rivolta shrugged. "Oh, I suppose, yes, she would, if it should be exactly the right guy—I guess any girl would." She turned back to her work. "Say, get the hell out, Eddie. I'm busy," she added.

Ladies' scarfs wasn't so busy—the kid that was supposed to be helping Miss Suratt was gabbing with the general-utility kid from dresses.

" . . . Listen, Marie," she said. "He says to me: A boy will love only one girl and be faithful to her, but a girl will always keep looking out for new boy friends——"

The dresses kid had a lot of try-ons over her arm which she was supposed to be taking from reserve stock or somewhere. "Aw, say, can you imagine that, Arline?" she interjected. "Boloney!"

The scarfs kid nodded vigorously. "Sure, wait till I tell you!" she exclaimed impatiently. "So I says to him: Just the opposite, mister, I says——"

The dresses kid sighed. "You certainly said it."

Miss Sturm looked up from her sales slips.

"My Gawd, Lucille," she said brusquely to her department mate, "those kids talk too much."

Miss Rivolta shrugged without looking up from her machine. "Oh, sure," she agreed easily, "they would—what do you expect?"

The kid from dresses caught some notion of prudence. She looked back across the store toward her own department, where Miss Lyons seemed to be fuming with a customer and scolding Miss Bernhardi about something.

"Say, Arline, I got to be going," she said hastily.

Miss Sturm hadn't settled back to her job; she was looking out over the floor to where the kid Marie had scuttled back to dresses.

Miss Lyons turned about, facing the open floor:

"Mr. Bodurtha!" she called.

The head floorwalker moved slowly down the main aisle toward dresses. Eddie Conway, the assistant, keeping out of his boss's way, lounged easily under the two girls in the cashier's box. Miss Rivolta leaned over the rail.

"Say, Eddie, they got something on Marie?" she whispered.

Conway looked up, cocking one eye.

"Theft," he said importantly. "There's a lady's own dress disappeared from Number 10 dressing-room, and a two thousand dollar pin on it."

Miss Sturm rose from the desk.

"Where you going, Elsa?" Miss Rivolta asked her, staring.

"Just over there," Miss Sturm said. "The kid's so scared she can't talk back for herself."

The customer was speaking angrily to Mr. Bodurtha. "Certainly she took it!" she declared.

Lyons turned around:

"Marie was through the dressing-rooms to take out the try-ons, Mr. Bodurtha," she said hurriedly. "I don't know who else could have been in room 10."

The kid was panting—she could hardly make her tongue work.

"I didn't touch anything!" she gasped.

"Well, look at the ring she has on herself," the customer exclaimed, "look at her bracelet, look at how she dresses herself—how does a shop girl pay for that?"

The kid was ashy pale. "A friend gave me the bracelet," she said.

"Oh, naturally," the customer said.

Mr. Bodurtha turned to Lyons:

"She might have picked up the dress by mistake with the try-ons," he said.

Lyons shook her head. "We already looked through stock. If she took the dress, she hid it."

Miss Sturm suddenly thrust herself to the kid's side.

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"Marie was out to reserve stock, too," she said. "Did you look there?"

Miss Lyons answered angrily:

"She only went there to get dresses out. All the put-aways this morning were to regular stock."

Mr. Bodurtha turned to Lyons.

"Take the girl to reserve stock yourself, and look, Miss Lyons," he said.

In about three minutes the two came back with a dress. "I got it, Mr. Bodurtha!" Miss Lyons cried. "I thought, right away——"

Miss Sturm got hold of the kid.

"You come along with me," she said, yanking her out of the crowd. "I'd like to slap you—they didn't have a thing on you except you got no brains, and been buying rings and bracelets and permanents to stick boys with."

The kid was snuffling. "Sure, I know all that," she mumbled, "but a girl has got to do like the others do or she ain't popular—you got to be feminine, Miss Sturm."

Miss Sturm frowned at the kid.

"Who told you that?" she demanded.

"Well, I can see things," the kid whimpered, "and anyhow I wrote to Aunt Hannah——"

"Aunt which?"

"You know, in the paper—Advice to Young Lovers—all the girls did—and she said if you want to get a boy friend you got to be feminine."

Miss Sturm took her by the arm:

"You listen to me," she said. "Boys are bad, you understand? They're no good. You lay off of them."

At about two o'clock Eddie Conway lounged along the aisle below the girls in the cashier's box, and cocked a wise eye up at them.

"You were no good, sister," he said to Miss Sturm. "They fired the kid, anyhow."

She waited until nearly four. Then she turned her head to Miss Rivolta:

"Say, Lucille," she asked carelessly, "do you happen to know whereabouts Marie lives?"

Miss Rivolta looked around, thoughtfully.

"Oh—I dunno—somewheres out in Cypress Hills, I think. I tell you, Miss Ryan up in the treasurer's office can give it to you."

Miss Sturm and Miss Rivolta came out of the store that night into the dark.

"Say, where you going, Elsa?" Miss Rivolta said as they walked along. "Don't you always take the west side subway?"

Miss Sturm shook her head. "Not tonight; I'm taking the B. M. T. to Cypress Hills."

She got out at last at Crescent Street, with the crowd flooding all around her and away from her as she herself hesitated—everybody was in a bad humor to get home; there were too many people in one place to be kind to one another. Miss Sturm walked for half a block, uncertain of her directions. At the next corner, under a street light she saw a man stooping over and marking with chalk on the sidewalk.

As she reached him he straightened up—a young fellow, a fresh-seeming guy, but not bad looking. He stared at Miss Sturm for a moment.

"Excuse me, miss," he said suddenly, "were you looking for some street number?"

Miss Sturm hesitated. "Well, maybe you can help me," she said. "Whereabouts is Euclid Street from here."

"What's the number?—Say, that's funny, I got to go by there myself. Come on, I'll show you."

Miss Sturm hesitated again for a moment, then walked with him. The man slowed his pace.

"That two-family house is it," he said. "Well, I got to be going on——"

Miss Sturm looked up at him. "Thanks, mister," she said.

She went up to the front steps of the house. A woman was standing in one of the two doorways.

"Excuse me, does Marie Cheenie live here?" Miss Sturm asked.

"Upstairs—the right-hand bell," the woman directed.

Miss Sturm rang; and presently a girl came down the stairs to the door. "Hello, Marie," Miss Sturm said.

"Oh—hello, Miss Sturm, I didn't recognize you," Marie said awkwardly.

Miss Sturm looked searchingly at the kid.

"Say, I heard about your being fired," she began. "I was wondering, could I help you any—could I explain things to your parents——?"

The kid wriggled. "Well, thanks a lot—but you see—say, I haven't told anybody I was fired; I was figuring I'd seem to go down town tomorrow same as usual, and maybe in a few days I could get something else before I said anything."

There was a sound of footsteps coming to the head of the stairs.

"Who's that, Marie?" a man's voice called.

The kid turned nervously around. "It's only Miss Sturm from the store, Pop," she said. "She was happening to go by——"

After a pause the man's voice said:

"Oh—well, come on up to dinner, Marie; it's getting cold."

The kid turned back to Miss Sturm. "I got to go in," she said. "Of course, I certainly thank you——"

"Well, that's that," Miss Sturm said to herself.

When she got back to the elevated platform she saw the same fresh-looking young man who had directed

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her waiting for a train. He came toward her at once. "Hello," he said.

"Oh—hello," she answered him shortly.

When they got into the train he sat down beside her.

"Say, I bet you thought it was queer, me chalking the sidewalk the way you saw me?" the man asked. "You was sort of scared of me, wasn't you?"

Miss Sturm glanced at his eyes.

"Sort of, I guess," she admitted.

The man grinned and nodded.

"Sure—a lot of people feel that way the first time they notice," he said. "It looks like a burglar marking a good location—we get that all the time, people staring at us. But we have to do it, to keep from doubling up—understand. I got a territory, and another guy tags right on where I leave off; all us outside men have to do it, I don't care what they're in, magazine or brushes or what it is."

Miss Sturm looked quickly at him.

"What are you in?" she asked.

The man expanded a little. "I got an educational plan," he said. "It's really all right—it sells good to ladies who got small children."

Miss Sturm regarded him frowningly.

"Do you like that work?" she asked.

The man pursed up his lips.

"It ain't bad," he said. "Of course, a lot of people give us the razzberry when we ring the bell—you got to expect that. I don't mean to stay at it forever. I mean to learn something professional."

Miss Sturm looked quizzically at him. "A lawyer or something?" she asked.

He shook his head—"Well, I ain't a college graduate, exactly," he said. "I could do better with accounting—a good accountant is always good."

Miss Sturm was silent for several minutes. Suddenly she moved her hand toward the man.

"Say, I know about accounting," she remarked brusquely. "That's my job, I'm supposed to be pretty good."

The man looked at her with interest. "Yeah? Say, I might ask you to help me sometime."

In Manhattan, Miss Sturm took the west side subway to 116th Street and walked up the hill to Amsterdam Avenue. There was a drug store on the ground floor of the apartment house, with a mirror in its illuminated show window. "Say, my hat looks awful old," Miss Sturm thought.

The nigger elevator operator wasn't in the car, and she walked up the stairs. Her sister Julia was on her knees in the living-room trying to get something on the radio; she looked up over her shoulder.

"Oh, hello, Elsa, where you been?" she asked.

Elsa began taking off her things. "I had an errand."

Julia turned back to the radio. "There was a fellow crooning just now, but I don't seem to be able to get him back."

Elsa started to go into the rear room. Julia looked up again, raising her eyebrows.

"Say, Elsa," she remarked, "maybe you better keep out of there just now, Pop's in there."

Elsa stood still. "Slightly slushed?" she asked.

Julia nodded, turning back to the radio. "Yeah, same old story——"

Elsa sat down, holding her hat in her lap.

"Did Mom say anything?" she asked.

"Nope," Julia told her. "Say, there's the guy again." A man's voice burst suddenly from the radio in hoarse crooning: "Whatever you do, I love you——"

Elsa got up again. "Well, in a way it's none of my business; he's only my father, not my husband."

"Don't be so damn sarcastic, sis," Julia said, adjusting the dial.

Elsa went on into her own bedroom. She heard the doorbell ring, and Julia answer it. "Nope, nothing doing—you beat it," Julia's voice said. Elsa came back into the living-room.

"What was he selling—a service?" she asked.

"A pedlar," Julia said, returning to the radio. "I didn't look what he had."

Elsa stood still for a minute. Then she moved toward the door.

"Where you going, sis?" Julia asked, looking over her shoulder.

"Nowhere—only to speak to Louise Schaffner a minute," Elsa answered.

She crossed the hall to the Schaffner door. "Say, Louise!" she called.

"Yeah—come in!" Mrs. Schaffner answered. "Oh, hello, Elsa, I was just getting the kids to bed—come on in."

They went together into the kids' bedroom. The baby was quiet, but the older kid was showing off by sticking out his stomach in his blue pajamas and thumping himself.

"You behave, you Bobo!" Louise ordered. Then she looked around at Elsa: "You want to see him naked? He's awful cute——"

She grabbed the wriggling kid and stripped off his pajamas. "Just look, fat as a butter ball!" she said.

Elsa stood looking at the kid. He had got hold of his pajama pants and stuck them over his head. Louise grabbed him again. "Come on now, you Bobo, put your pants on right and go to bed!" she commanded.

She took Elsa back into the living-room. Elsa stood in the middle of the floor. "Where's Tom tonight, Louise?" she asked.

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Louise shrugged. "I dunno—down to the political club, I guess."

Elsa looked at her friend:

"Say, tell me something, Louise," she broke in, "is married life what they say?"

Louise shrugged again—"I dunno, it depends on how you look at it, I guess."

Elsa minded her own business in the store next day, and came home promptly. Julia was fooling with her damned radio again; a man's voice was singing: "Just on account of your kisses—" Julia looked around:

"Say, you look different, Elsa—Oh, you got a new hat on; what's the idea?"

Elsa turned her face away. "I dunno, I just happened to see this in a window," she said carelessly. "I'd better go and help Mom with the dinner, I guess."

Julia turned back to the radio. "Aunt Hattie's out there," she said. "She's been here all afternoon, crying. Uncle Jack hasn't got a job yet; he was expecting something to break this week, but it didn't."

Elsa stiffened.

"I suppose Aunt Hattie wants us to feed him," she said. "With men especially the jobless ones eat the most."

Julia shrugged. "This is good," she said, turning the dial.

After dinner, the nigger utility man, the one that was supposed to run the elevator, came to the door and said there was a telephone for Miss Elsa—there was no phone in the apartment, but there was one in the hall by the stairs. Elsa went out to get the call.

"This is Lew Bothner," the voice said, "you know, the man you met out in Cypress Hills."

"—Oh," said Elsa, after a pause. "How'd you know my name and address?"

"Oh, easy enough," the man said. "The girl told me, in that house where you went—Marie Cheenie."

Elsa was silent for another interval. "Oh," she said at last.

The man began to talk rapidly.

"Sure—say, how about me coming up in about fifteen minutes?"

Elsa looked away from the phone for a moment.

"Well—sure," she said. "Come on up." She was about to replace the receiver, when she abruptly called again: "Hello! Do you hear me? Well, say, come up to Apartment 46, will you?"

The man's voice seemed puzzled. "Ain't you in 48?"

Elsa was determined and brisk now. "Sure, I live in 48, but you go over to 46; I'll be there."

She hung up the receiver and stood irresolute for a moment. Then she went to the door of the Schaffner apartment. "Say, Louise," she asked, "I was just wondering, could you go over and stay with Jule for a little?"

Louise looked surprised. "Oh, sure, I guess so; is she going to be alone tonight?"

Elsa spoke rapidly:

"Well it ain't exactly that, only—I'll tell you, I wanted to have a little talk with a fellow that's coming up in about ten minutes, and I was wondering could I use your room for just a little while if you went over with Jule?"

Louise suddenly grinned. "Oh, sure, I could do that," she said.

Elsa stood nervously awkward for a moment. "Say, Louise," she asked abruptly, "is this dress I got on all right, do you think? Maybe I better get my black and white—that's always reliable."

Louise examined her friend critically.

"No, I'd leave it alone, I think," she decided. "That goes all right."

When the man came up, Elsa opened the door to him. "Hello—say, what you looking at?" she demanded sharply.

The man grinned sheepishly.

"You look different," he answered.

Elsa glanced frowningly down at herself. "Well, who doesn't?" she demanded. "Being at home ain't being in the street—especially with a girl."

The boy changed his expression quickly.

"Say, you look good," he declared. "That's what I mean. Well, after meeting you that way yesterday I thought I'd just run in to see you."

Elsa moved awkwardly.

"Say, were you just kidding me when you said maybe you would ask me things about accounting?" she asked.

Lew shook his head. "No, sure not—I bet you're good."

Elsa looked fixedly at him.

"Well, it happens I am supposed to be," she said. "Maybe I could help you, really. Say, would you like to look at some books I got? I could get them in a minute, they're only across the hall."

Lew hesitated, and nodded. "Oh, sure——"

Elsa looked half doubtfully at him. "Well—well, all right, I'll go get them," she said.

Suddenly the boy reached toward her and picked her up clear of the ground, looking up at her with a grin. "Do you like me to lift you?" he asked.

She looked awkwardly down at him. "I guess so," she whispered.

"Do you like being taller than me?" he asked, still grinning.

She turned her eyes away. "No," she answered in a low voice, "I'd rather look up at you—any girl would, I guess. Say, let me go for the books."

Elsa came hurriedly into her own apartment. Julia

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and Louise Schaffner were laughing together and playing with Bobo; they looked up instantly at Elsa.

"Say, who is he?" Julia demanded. "You're a sly one—what you doing with him now, sis?"

Elsa flushed. "I'm going to teach him accounting," she said brusquely. "He wants to get ahead——"

Julia and Louise looked at one another. Louise shook her head.

"I don't think you can raise him on that food, Elsa," she said.

Elsa stood frowning uneasily. "I don't know as I can," she admitted after a pause. "I guess I'm sort of sunk, anyhow."

In the store, Lucille Rivolta began to watch Elsa closely.

"—Say, what's the matter with you these last few days, Elsa?" she asked. "You're certainly different."

Elsa bent closely over her sales slips.

"Oh, I dunno," she said. "I got a right to be different sometimes, haven't I?"

"Oh, sure, I suppose so," Lucille agreed, shrugging—but she continued to look curiously at her companion.

Elsa made a sudden restless movement. "Say, listen, Lucille, I want to ask you something," she said abruptly. "I sort of met a fellow, out near where Marie lives—you know that time——"

Lucille pushed back her chair from her desk to stare at Elsa. "You poor boob," she said.

Elsa moved desperately.

"Wait a minute, I haven't told you anything yet," she cried. "What I mean is, I wrote to Aunt Hannah, in the paper——"

Lucille gasped.

"My Gawd!" she murmured. "Say, what did she tell you, Elsa?"

Elsa flushed.

"She said, if you wanted to keep a boy friend, you practically got to be feminine," she answered. "She said, a man don't ever know what it is that gets him, but the girl has got to know—she's got to vamp him, practically, I mean."

Lucille nodded impatiently. "Oh, sure, anybody would know that," she declared. "Say, what you been doing to the boy friend, Elsa?"

Elsa looked away. "I been teaching him accounting," she said. "He wanted me to help him."

Lucille got abruptly to her feet and came to Elsa's side.

"My Gawd!" she exclaimed. "Say look here, you listen here to me—that guy won't ever thank you for teaching him anything—not if you was to get him to be president of the First National Bank. You treat yourself to a new party dress and make him take you out—make him spend money on you, make him think he's having a hell of a time."

Elsa looked reflectively at her friend. "Do you think so?" she murmured.

On the following day Elsa came home a little early. As she went along the passage to her own room she could see through Julia's opened door.

"What you doing, Jule?" she asked, pausing.

"Minding Louise Schaffner's little kid for her," Julia answered without getting up from the bed where she was sprawled, eating candy. "Louise went out and took Bobo, and I said I'd mind Spunks."

Elsa came into the room. Spunks was squatted on the floor looking solemnly up. "He seems to be quiet," Elsa said.

"Oh, sure," Julia answered carelessly. "You just let them alone and they don't make you much trouble."

Elsa watched the little kid. "Say, all babies have got that same hunched up look, haven't they?" she observed.

"Oh, sure," Julia agreed. "Their backbones are soft."

Elsa turned slowly away. "Did a package come for me, Julia?" she asked.

Julia looked up with a little start.

"Oh, say, yes there did," she answered. "What you been doing? Buying clothes?"

"Sort of," Elsa said, starting to go back to her own room.

In about fifteen minutes she came back to Julia's door. "Say Jule, look here a minute in my room, will you?" she said hurriedly.

Julia got slowly to her feet. "What's the idea?" She came to Elsa's door and stopped. "Pretty gay tonight, aren't you?" she said.

Elsa looked down anxiously at herself. "Do you like it, Jule?" she begged.

Julia reviewed her carefully. "I dunno, let me see—Say, that is good, sis; where'd you get it?"

"At Francini's, over on Broadway—I liked this the best of any they had in sixteen—they had a darling in fourteen, but I didn't quite dare—you know, that's the trouble with a small dress store, they always got the color you want in the size you can't wear——"

Elsa was craning her neck to get the effect in the mirror. Julia crossed to the bed and sat down easily on the edge of it.

"You going out tonight, Elsa?" she asked.

Elsa paused. "Yeah, I guess so," she answered after a moment.

Julia looked calmly at her. "What's happened to all that home study course?" she asked.

Elsa kept her back to her sister. "Well, you got to go out sometimes," she said after a moment.

Elsa came out into the hall as soon as she heard the step on the stairs for which she had been waiting—the

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nigger elevator man had been off the job as usual. She could see the light strike on Lew's upturned face as he reached the landing.

"Hello," she said.

He blinked at her for an instant—the stairs had been darkish.

"Oh, hello, kid," he said. "Say, you look swell!"

Elsa looked down at herself. "Like me?" she asked.

He put his hands on her arms, holding her at a short distance.

"Kiss me, girlie," he said in a low voice.

She held him off with her hands pressed against his breast and her elbows against her own sides. He overcame her resistance, she ceased to resist. "You're a nice kid!" he whispered at last.

Elsa spoke briefly, making no reference to his toll of her. "I'll just get my things on, I won't be a minute," she said.

They went to the Claridge. "That's always good," Lew said. "They broadcast the show from there every night."

Elsa looked sharply around her as they entered. "Say, this is sort of good, I love this gloomy stuff," she said, "like a vault or something."

An orchestra of young men was sitting ready within an enclosure of velvet ropes while a male singer in tux and slicked black hair was speaking grinningly into the mike and looking at the crowd. "Hello, boys—hello, girls, you here too? You would be—" When he had finished his song a tall thin blonde girl with straw hair, pale eyes, and magenta cheeks under a man's high silk hat gave a jazz toe dance; and while she kissed her hands to the crowd at the end she spoke a recitative song: "I appreciate you all——"

"The kid is clever," Lew said, grinning—he had brought his flask out and offered to pour into Elsa's set-up glass. "Want some?" he asked, at the same time that he looked up at the gipsy cigarette girl who was passing with her tray. "Sure she does," the gipsy spoke up, grinning.

Elsa shook her head.

"I can save myself headaches by not going so heavy on that," she said.

She kept glancing about the room. "You certainly see some funny things in a place like this," she said.

Lew surveyed the crowd, shrugging. "Oh, sure, all kinds, practically," he said. He thrust out his own feet and gazed down at them. "Say," he complained, "patent leather shoes without caps don't look good even through the first time you wear them."

Suddenly Elsa turned back from the crowd to Lew—she saw him pouring himself more liquor, and paused for an instant; then resumed her original intention:

"Say, that's Marie Cheenie there with some fellow," she said.

Lew had the glass to his lips. "You're probably right," he agreed without looking. "She would be."

Elsa watched him. "Drinking a lot, aren't you?" she suggested.

"Oh, sure," he agreed, grinning. "This is good stuff."

Elsa glanced back toward the table she had been watching. "Say, those two are only a couple of kids," she remarked. "I bet neither of them is sixteen."

Lew did glance up. "Yeah, they're young," he agreed.

The orchestra began playing for another dance—the crowd swarmed out onto the small dancing floor, cutting off the view. Elsa watched some of the steps—a lot of them were dancing new steps, waltz steps to fox-trot time, that was the new stuff. Lew emptied his glass again.

"Want to dance?" he asked the girl.

Elsa turned her head toward him. "I dunno," she said slowly. She looked sharply at his face. "Little drunk, aren't you?"

The boy looked fixedly at her. "You bet your sweet life," he said.

Elsa rose suddenly, pushing back her chair. "I'm going home," she said.

The boy waved his hand impatiently. "Say, let me tell you," he began, "you don't want to be so fussy—if you want to be popular, you got to be regular, understand?"

Elsa looked grimly at him. "Not me," she said. "I don't give a damn."

The nigger was asleep in his elevator car when Elsa got to the apartment; she walked upstairs. Everything was dark in the apartment—across the air shaft from the corridor window you could see a small light in the Schaffner apartment; Louise kept that burning all night on account of taking the kids to the bathroom. Elsa went into her own bedroom and turned on the light, staring at herself in the dressing-table mirror. "You're a tough kid, I guess," she said to her image.

She hadn't realized that she had been asleep when she heard the bell ringing—but she was in bed, the room was dark, she was soaked with sleep, the taste of it in her mouth, while she was trying to wake up.

"That's the phone out in the hall," she told herself.

When she got out into the hall the bell was still ringing—there was no sound from the sleeping nigger at the bottom of the elevator shaft.

"Hello." Elsa spoke into the phone—her own voice sounded deformed.

"Hello!" the other voice said. "Is this you, Miss Sturm?"

"Oh, yeah, it's me—what's the noise?"

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"Well, this is Marie—I'm over to the precinct house—yeah, no kidding! I wanted to tell you, the fellow I was with and Lew Bothner got arrested—well, there was sort of a fight—there was a fly girl came along, it was all her fault—I dunno what all did happen, sort of—understand, they was all soused—the girl was soused too, but she got away, the fellows covered her up—the cop says my Billy and Lew are coming up in the magistrate's court at ten this morning and we better get a lawyer there—say, Miss Sturm you gotta help, we don't know any lawyer——"

Marie's voice trailed away—Elsa thought she could hear the kid panting over the wire. Elsa answered slowly:

"Oh, sure, I got to help—it's like you say, I'm Santa Claus—well, what do I care?"

Marie was the first person Elsa recognized when she got into the magistrate's court in the morning—the kid came rushing up to her, still wearing last night's dress.

"Say, Miss Sturm, you got a lawyer?" she panted. "Say, there was a terrible row——"

Elsa looked coolly at the kid.

"So?" she asked, raising her eyebrows. "Well, I got a lawyer—Louise Schaffner's husband got him for me down to the political club—and I even borrowed money for bail in case we need it—I don't know why."

Marie clung helplessly to the older girl. "Say, you're good, Miss Sturm," she panted. "Where is the lawyer?"

"He's gone down front to attend to the party," Elsa answered. "We better sit down here in back, I guess."

The kid slipped to a seat beside Elsa. She glanced down at her own rumpled dress. "My Gawd, this was new yesterday!" she whimpered. "Say, what can you do? A girl gets a dress so's she can get a fellow, and she gets a fellow so's she can have somewheres to go to wear the dress, and after all what has she got?"

Elsa was watching the show down front. "That's Mr. Abramson, the lawyer, talking now," Elsa said.

Marie stared hopefully. "He looks like he could talk," she said.

The dots down in front stopped talking, and moved their places—the two fellows went over to the side into a sort of pen; the lawyer came back up the aisle, looking around him until he saw Elsa.

"There are just a few formalities to attend to," he said.

Elsa looked steadily at him. "I guess I can wait that long," she said, "but if it's all the same to you, what happened, exactly?"

"They were held to bail for a hearing day after tomorrow," he said, "I asked time to interview witnesses. You can go down and speak to the young men if you want to."

Elsa and Marie came down toward the detention pen. "Say, who's that woman and girl?" Elsa asked suddenly.

Marie glanced across—"Oh, that's Lew's mother and kid sister," she answered. "Thank God, Billy's people don't know he's here."

Elsa stared at the other two—the older woman was commonplace looking, very quiet; the kid sister was a hunchback, with a sharp, anxious face. Elsa was at the rail of the pen—Lew saw her and came to her; he needed a shave pretty bad, his rumpled tux looked silly, he had a cut over one eye with raw edges like sore lips drawn a little apart, he shuffled awkwardly, and grinned sheepishly at the girl.

"The poor kid!" Elsa thought suddenly.

She stood looking steadily at him. "What the hell do you think you been doing?" she asked abruptly.

Lew's eyes wavered; then he grinned sheepishly—the foolish-looking grin spread all over his face.

"Search me," he said, shrugging like a little kid making excuses.

The mother and hunchback sister were standing awkwardly at a little distance. Elsa glanced across at them. "You better speak to them, I guess," she said in a low voice to Lew.

Lew looked up and saw the two for the first time. "Oh, sure," he said.

He went along inside the pen rail till he came opposite to them. They came up to him. "Hello," Elsa heard him say. The mother looked up solemnly, almost placidly—but the crippled kid began suddenly to smile; her whole face looked bright; she was almost jumping up and down. "Hello, Lew!" she cried shrilly. "We came in, see——"

Elsa turned away. Mr. Abramson was coming back holding a paper. "He can go now," he said, nodding at Lew.

Elsa suddenly heaved a sigh. "I certainly thank you," she said to the lawyer.

He looked a little curiously at her. "I never did quite understand the relationship, your interest, Miss Sturm?"

Elsa looked startled. She glanced frowningly across at Lew—he looked bad, in his frowzy condition, his attitude was sheepish and hangdog. But he was grinning at his kid sister—the hunchback girl's face was smiling, was looking up eagerly at her big brother. Elsa's glance wavered; she looked back at the lawyer with something of an imploring expression.

"I dunno," she said. "I sort of have doubts—My Gawd, I guess I'm his girl friend, if nothing else don't happen to interrupt."

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A Woman and Her Doctors

— AND SOME NEW LIGHT ON HOSPITALS

By Marian Purcell

In the beginning, I did the usual thing and also a rather unusual thing. The usual thing was to defer too long the necessary consultation with my physician. The reason for this was also a usual thing.

Every time I mentioned in my family circle any one of the numerous unpleasant symptoms I was experiencing, the members of the family collectively assured me that they themselves had those identical symptoms, in apparently a much greater degree than mine. They had them now. Seemingly they had always had them. Everybody had them, or so I inferred. It was only because I had been blessed with extraordinarily good health all my life that I had escaped them this long. Also, very subtly and delicately, it was intimated that persons who usually are in perfect health make more fuss about little ailments than those who, like the speakers, have uncomplainingly borne pains and aches all their lives.

There was nothing unsympathetic about these comments. They were intended as robust "bracing up" by a small but robust family. They did brace me for a time, and they silenced me for an even longer time.

As the months passed, however, I grew weary of my new rôle of silent, patient sufferer. It was not a rôle I was cut out for. Formerly my body had been my cheerful slave. Why should that perfectly good body be failing me now? And why should I be bearing with its sudden revolt when possibly a heart-to-heart talk with the family physician would soon restore it to its former fitness?

I went to the doctor without another word to the family. He greeted me with buoyant cheerfulness and received my tale of woe with unbelieving smiles. He had known me for years. There had never been anything the matter with me before. Obviously he thought there could not be much the matter with me now. He soon drew me into the circle of his optimism, and I was as cheerful as he during the examination that followed —and much more cheerful toward the end of it.

For then I observed that his social patter had ceased. All I heard was the occasional professional "humph-ph" or "ah-h" with which a deeply interested physician accompanies his investigations. When he led me back into his consulting-room and seated me by his desk his manner had entirely changed. It was not depressing, but it was serious and very professional.

He told me that I had fibroid tumors, several of them. There is no reason why I should not mention the diagnosis, since 78 per cent of women are said to have fibroids, and possibly the majority of these women know nothing about them and die comfortably of something else, quite possibly in their old age. He explained at once that fibroids are not malignant; that in themselves they are not serious handicaps to health. In my case, however, there were adhesions and pressure which made the condition a menace, as it was undoubtedly of long standing. His urgent advice was to have the fibroids out at once. He asked me to let him make an immediate appointment with one of the best surgeons in the city.

Naturally I sparred for time. I had received a hard blow, and I was rather breathless. I asked what my chances were of going safely through the operation, and he assured me that in the otherwise excellent condition I was in I would come through it "like a bird." The chances were that I would be out of the hospital at the end of three weeks, and that in three months or so I should be fit for the ordinary activities of my strenuous life.

I assured him that I would think the matter over. I was safe in making this promise. I knew I would be able to think of very little else until the question of that operation was decided. But I did my thinking to some purpose, and it led to the rather unusual course I mentioned in the first paragraph.

Instead of accepting the diagnosis of one physician and one surgeon, as most patients do, I decided that my life was sufficiently important to justify me in consulting several eminent surgeons, each unconscious of the others' diagnoses. If two out of three or all three agreed with my physician, I would accept the situation and the operation. If not, I would consult four or five or half a dozen surgeons until I got a majority opinion. Then, if I found myself on that operating-table, one reflection at least would be agreeable: I would know that I had to be there. I would have the authority of not one but several of the best men in surgery, that the thing was inevitable.

I kept the whole matter from my family. They could do nothing for me save be deeply anxious, and that

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would benefit no one. The month was the hottest July we have had in years. In one week of that month I was examined by four distinguished specialists—and my experience with these gentlemen offers one of the most interesting angles of a many-sided adventure.

The first, Doctor A, was my own physician, whose verdict I have already given. The second, to whom I went without consulting or confiding in Doctor A or in anybody else, was one of America's most distinguished gynecologists. I made an appointment with him by telephone, and when I reached his office he did not keep me waiting more than five minutes—in itself an unusual and merciful experience. When our interview began I found him to be a fine type of the scientific man, very cold, very formal, and very, very skilful. He gave me the most thorough examination of the four I received. After it, seated facing me in his consulting-room, he delivered his diagnosis with cold conviction. Not once during our interview did he smile. Not one word of sympathy or of human understanding did he utter. But he did with the utmost ability the work I was paying him to do.

"Fibroids," he said tersely. "Three or four of them, with bad adhesions, probable entanglements, and a serious condition of pressure. There might be some difference of opinion as to the need of an immediate operation for them in this heat. But you also have something about which there can't be any difference of opinion at all. You have two cysts, and there's a tendency in cysts to become malignant. You've got to have those out right away, and of course the fibroids will be taken out at the same time."

The walls of his office seemed to whirl around me. The floor under me was a trifle unsteady. For a moment I sat speechless, taking in this new diagnosis.

"Doctor," I said at last, "are you telling me that I have a cancer?"

"No," said Doctor B with the most matter-of-fact coolness. "I am not. I am telling you that you have a condition there which calls for an immediate operation to ward off the danger of cancer."

Every woman will understand how I felt as I walked out of his office and re-entered the taxicab waiting at the door. Under the terrific heat the chauffeur, who had often driven me before, was a wilted flower, but he grinned at me cheerfully as I took my place, and I can still see the surprised, chagrined look on his round young face when I did not return the smile. I remember wondering how any one could smile; wondering how I was going to act naturally when I got home; wondering whether I could play the terrific game ahead of me and make a decent finish. For I was convinced that Doctor B had tacitly given me to understand that I had that dread horror of every woman's life, a cancer.

The fear led me, however, straight to the telephone to make an appointment with a second distinguished surgeon. I wanted another opinion in a hurry, but I could not get it till the following morning. Then I went into the hands of the noted Doctor C. Like Doctor B, he is attached to one of our best hospitals.

Nothing, I discovered, could be more unlike than the personalities of the two men. Doctor B, as I have said, was cold, scientific, almost unhuman. Doctor C seemed his direct opposite. He kept me waiting in his anteroom fifteen minutes, then greeted me with a wide smile, a hearty handshake, and in a big voice of almost boyish cheerfulness. My own physician was present at this interview. Doctor C was his choice as surgeon for my operation; and for fully twenty minutes, the surgeon setting the example, we three talked of trivial matters.

Those twenty minutes were long, long minutes to me, as they would be to any woman facing the ordeal before me. But Doctor C seemed to have no realization whatever of that fact. Incidentally, he answered the telephone once or twice, he was once called out of the room, and he had a brisk conversation with a servant as to where to put a gift that had just been sent him, a basket from a grateful patient, containing a dozen bottles of something the great surgeon seemed very glad to get. He told us about it with a chuckle. My physician, Doctor A, began to show by a certain restlessness that he realized the strain I was under, though I had exerted myself to take a resigned part in the conversation. Doctor C finally rose languidly and murmured that he would make the examination.

This proved to be an almost incredibly perfunctory affair. It was over in five minutes, whereas Doctor A and Doctor B had each consumed fully half an hour in their examinations. The surgeon then left the room, followed, after a moment's hesitation, by my physician. The nurse and I remained staring at each other.

"Is it over?" I asked incredulously.

The nurse looked puzzled. "I—I don't know," she said. "I will ask." She, too, left the room, but promptly returned. "Yes, it's over," she said.

I joined the two doctors in the outer room. The surgeon, whose thoughts still seemed to be on other things, signified that he desired to examine my heart. He did so.

"This settles it," I thought. "My condition is so serious that he discovered it all in the first few minutes. Now he wants to know whether I can stand a stiff operation."

The surgeon laid down his stethoscope and nodded. Then he leaned back in his swinging-chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and made his comments, turning alternately to my physician and to me.

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"There's a lot of difference of opinion about fibroids," he said easily. "Some surgeons usually take them out, to be on the safe side; other surgeons, just as good, usually leave them in, unless they get troublesome. If yours are not causing you any special discomfort, I don't think you will need to do anything about 'em—for a time at least."

I could hardly believe my ears. My physician, Doctor A, also showed a surprise which he quickly controlled. Then the solution of the situation flashed upon me. The great surgeon, in his very casual five-minute examination, had wholly failed to discover the conditions. I had come to him to place my life in his hands, if necessary, and he had given me much less thought and attention than he had given to the gift basket, whose contents he had tenderly put with his own hands into the sideboard in the next room. I felt that he deserved the jolt that was coming to him, and I administered it without mercy.

"Doctor," I asked, "did you find any abnormal condition other than the fibroids?"

"No," he said positively. "No, I did not."

"You found nothing that made you feel that an immediate operation was necessary?"

"Nothing whatever," he said positively, looking a little surprised by the question.

"Then," I said, slowly enough to let the words sink in, "your opinion is surprisingly different from that of Doctor B, who examined me yesterday. But," I added thoughtfully, "his was a very thorough examination, and his diagnosis was given not tentatively but as an absolute conviction."

The cheerful indifference of the great Doctor C had dropped from him like a garment. My own physician, who knew nothing of all this, was regarding me with staring eyes. Neither spoke, and I filled in the pause with a brief statement of the great B's diagnosis. I was impressed by the fact that both men accepted the diagnosis without question.

My physician then spoke up like the frank and honorable gentleman he is: "I confess," he said, "that I did not find those cysts."

The surgeon spoke at last. "I think I did," he said. "There is something on the left side which is probably what he meant. But," he added, resuming his air of robust assurance, "suppose there are cysts. What of it?"

"Doctor B says cysts may become cancerous," I brought out. "He thinks there should not be the least delay in operating."

It was at this point that Doctor C earned his examination fee. For the comfort his next words gave me I would willingly have paid half my kingdom. I had gone through a hideous twenty-four hours.

"Yours are not malignant," he declared positively. "You are not the type. Go and look at yourself in the glass any time you get frightened. Seriously," he went on, "I should say that the chance of that in your case could not possibly be more than one-half of one per cent."

My grievance against him was temporarily wiped out, but he nearly reopened it with his next words.

"It might be as well to have all those things out," he said casually, "but I can't do anything about it till fall. I'm going on my vacation to-morrow, and I shall be gone all summer. I can take care of you when I get back," he added cheerfully. "And the autumn is a better time for an operation than this hot spell, anyhow."

I was relieved to hear that he was going away. Though I had first chastened and then forgiven him, and though he had taken his punishment with manly good humor, I had lost faith—not in his skill, which I knew to be great, but in his temperament. Moreover, I had my own surgeon up my sleeve: Doctor D, a world-famous man, attached, like the other two, to big hospitals. I had never met him, but from what I had heard of him I had decided that if any cutting on me should be called for at any time, he, Doctor D, should do it.

However, I asked one more question: "Could I safely wait till autumn?"

"Of course you could," declared Doctor C. And again I interrupt my simple narrative to quote here a comment of Doctor D, made weeks after he had performed the operation, and wholly without knowledge of the Doctor C episode.

"We pulled you through," he said, "but it was the most difficult operation of the kind I have performed in all the years of my experience. And," he added, his voice dropping, "if we had waited a year, or even six months, I am afraid we could not have done it."

Therefore, if my sole dependence had been upon the airy Doctor C, I might have been in my grave before he had finished the contents of his gift basket, which is the best argument I know of in favor of consulting several surgeons before going on the operating-table. It adds to the expense, but twenty-five dollars paid to each of four surgeons is the merest drop in the brimming bucket of operation expenses.

I went home that day relieved, yet uncertain.

The words of Doctor B lingered in my ear: "You've got to have them out right away!" But any woman will understand how ardently I longed to put off that operation for a few months. The heat was frightful. The ordeal, always severe enough, would be immeasurably intensified by such conditions. However, I could have my examination by Doctor D the next day, and follow his advice.

He proved as different from Doctor B as he was from Doctor C. He was scientific, but human; sympathetic,

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but poised and marvellously understanding; in short, the ideal surgeon. From the moment I entered his office until the end of my visit he permitted no interruptions whatever. Others attended to messages and the telephone. There was very little preliminary talk. He asked me some brisk professional questions, listened to what I had to say and ended by making as long and as thorough an examination as Doctor B had made. The only difference was that he did not use the special lights the other gynecologist had used. He discovered every condition, including some serious entanglements; and, talking to me like a brother, described them to me and urged a prompt operation.

I murmured the dread word "malignant." He leaned across the desk toward me and put his hand on my arm.

"There is absolutely no indication," he said, speaking very slowly and decidedly, "of anything of that kind. So you may put it wholly out of your mind. I won't disguise from you, however, that you are facing a serious operation. But you are in fine condition, and there is every reason to believe that you will come through it triumphantly."

It was decided that I was to have the operation in ten days. The day and hour were fixed, and I went straight from his office to engage my room and nurses at the hospital.

I entered the hospital, as is the custom, the night before the operation, which was to be performed on a Monday afternoon at half after two. My room and nurses having been engaged in advance, I had asked that the night nurse be on duty this first night. I did not expect to sleep, and what I desired was a cheerful and wide-awake nurse in my room, to chat with me if I felt like chatting and to furnish exhilarating reminiscences about patients who, after just such operation as mine, had been up and away from the hospital in a fortnight or so. It was agreed that the night nurse should be on duty.

Therefore, when I arrived at eight in the evening with the two companions who were to stand by me until all visitors left at nine, I was surprised to find no night nurse waiting. Instead, a pretty little corridor nurse greeted me pleasantly and led me to my room, which had been thoughtfully filled with flowers by friends. There was a pitcher of fresh water and a glass on the table near the bed. I asked the corridor nurse a few questions.

I was to be left alone from nine o'clock till seven in the morning? I was; but if I wanted anything she or some other hall attendant would respond to my summons. I had only to push a button within reach of my hand and a red light would flash in the corridor. In case of serious need I was to push the button repeatedly for a moment, after which, I inferred, every one in the hospital would come. I mention this because later in the experience, when I was supposed to be dying, my day nurse, who was alone with me, used this signal frantically for ten minutes before any one came. It was subsequently explained that observers of the phenomenon thought the electrician was testing the wires!

"At least," I said to the little corridor nurse, "I shall be given something in the nature of a sedative?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no," she said; "we want you to have a perfectly natural sleep. That's very important."

The corridor nurse now took my pulse, my temperature, and my pedigree. She also took the name and address of my nearest and dearest, who were to be notified in case of—well, of need. She departed with a bright smile, and my companions tried to divert my mind by telling me about the waiting notes and cards. They lingered till the last possible minute and then departed. I got ready for bed very, very slowly. My room was on the long surgical corridor, and already I heard unusual sounds around me, sounds that intensified and increased in number as the hours wore on.

I left my night-light burning, put my watch beside it on the little table at the head of the high hospital bed, climbed up and into the bed with some difficulty, and resolutely closed my eyes. If sleep was the official programme, I would try to sleep. I had gone to bed at ten. I looked at my watch at eleven, at a little after twelve, and at quarter to one. Up till this time I had not slept. I had thought of things, of a great many things. At three I looked again, but I had slept throughout the interval, and I immediately dropped off again. At five I awoke temporarily, and at quarter of seven I was awake for good. Compared with the night of "preparations" which nurses once put their patients through, it had been a peaceful night.

The few preparations made for my big operation were attended to by my day nurse, who breezed in at seven o'clock in the morning, and whom I shall never recall, throughout my life, without emotions of the deepest gratitude. I was exceptionally fortunate in both my nurses. The night nurse proved above the average. The day nurse, however, was a rare example of perfection in an imperfect world, and it did not take me long to discover this reassuring fact. She was a strictly surgical nurse and scorned medical cases. She had greatly distinguished herself in field operations in France. Also, she was the type who prefers a life-or-death case to wrestle with; and I realize now that her superb work and affectionate interest in me were due to the fact that I soon afforded her all the stiff combats with death which her fighting spirit demanded.

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During the morning the great surgeon swung into the room, bringing with him a colleague, who favored me with a few inquisitive prods at his request. We had a cheerful fifteen-minute session, and when the two men were departing the surgeon returned to the bedside for a final handclasp and reassuring message.

"It's going to be all right," he buoyantly predicted. "It's going to be fine."

I was as sure of this as he was. We were an optimistic pair. But I had taken pains to "put my house in order" just the same.

I was of course given nothing to eat or drink that day except a cup of black coffee early in the morning; but I had no fault to find with this programme. I did not desire to eat or drink. By two o'clock my artless prattle with the nurse had ceased, and I was lying with my eyes on the door waiting for the stretcher. It had seemed to me beforehand that the arrival of that stretcher would be one of the worst moments of the whole adventure, and this opinion was not changed when the stretcher came, though it was wheeled by a carefree youth who brought it into the room with a merry clatter.

With him were a strong orderly and an extra nurse, all of whom insisted on lifting me from the bed to the stretcher, notwithstanding my protests. I was of course perfectly able to get on the stretcher alone. I also obeyed the command to flatten my hands and arms close to my sides, and for a moment my mind was happily diverted by speculations as to the reason for this precaution. Did they fear that, with free hands, I would reach out and catch at things to stay the stretcher's swift flight? Or were they afraid an arm or hand would be knocked off on the journey? The latter surmise was correct. The stretcher operator had to wheel me along innumerable corridors, through numerous doors, and into and out of two elevators.

It was a long journey but not too long for me. I was not anxious to reach the ether chamber. We had entered the first elevator before I discovered that my day nurse was with me and was to witness the operation. She and my family physician, I was told, were the only "innocent by-standers" in the busy group of twelve that subsequently surrounded the operating-table. All wore masks, of course, and the exclusive job of one physician was to keep the perspiration out of the eyes of the operating surgeon. When we reached the ether chamber—a tiny, tiled, hollow square opening from the operating-room—the sickening smell of ether met us. Indeed, it rolled out like a wave, and I felt that I was borne into the room on a return wave of the same nauseating odor.

The day was indescribably hot, and I still feel sorry for myself when I recall that I lay in that air-tight inferno for almost half an hour before the ether was administered. The first part of the usual programme was attended to with the utmost briskness. I was lifted from the stretcher to a stationary table in the centre of the chamber. The stretcher and its bearer departed. My nurse and an assistant put me into a set of hospital pajamas and bound up my head. I was then ready for the ether, and very, very anxious for it. But at least twenty minutes more passed before I got it.

I have never learned who caused that delay while we panted in the air-tight, ether-saturated space. It was not my surgeon, for he entered almost at once in his white operating uniform, to shake hands and make a few cheerful remarks. My physician was there, too, and the anæsthetist, a woman who has won fame in the gentle art of ether-giving and who deserves it. The minutes crawled by. My physician told a little story, at which I smiled with stiff lips. I can only hope that the person who kept me waiting that day will never be forced to undergo a similar experience.

My day nurse was standing at my right at the head of the table. Suddenly I turned and buried my face in the stiff linen bib of her white apron. I don't know whether I was going to cry. I shall never know. But she drew my head close with her hand and the human touch steadied me. In another moment I was able to return to my proper position, to look about quietly, and to share in the conversation my physician and the nurse hastened to begin.

Then, very soon, came the word from the operating-room that every one was ready, and the anæsthetist immediately made her little set speech. I was not to worry, she told me. If anything seemed to me to be going wrong, I was to remember that they were there to take care of me. The cone settled over my face. I was to breathe naturally now, very quietly and naturally.

I knew nothing more until six hours later, when I came back to life in bed in my hospital room. I had gone up to the ether chamber at half after two. I had been under the knife two hours, while my surgeon brilliantly performed a very difficult and dangerous operation. I had been slow in coming out of the ether, of which I had necessarily been given a great quantity. The night-light was burning in my room and the night nurse was on duty, sitting close to the head of my bed, when I finally realized where I was. Simultaneously I experienced an indescribable, body-racking nausea and pains that went through me like the repeated thrusts of a long knife.

My drugged brain aroused from its stupor. "It has been done," it told me. "It is all over, and you are back in bed."

I heard the voice of my physician addressing the nurse, and later, not then, took in the meaning of his words. "You have got her on her side," he commented. "That's fine."

The surgeon came in. Several faces constantly swam in and out of the line of my blurred vision. It was a bad

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night for me, a very anxious night for those who were interested in me; and the second day and night were no better. It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the reeking, whirling, nausea-filled world steadied long enough to make it desirable for a member of my family to enter the room for a brief and speechless visit. During that torturing and fever-filled interval I had been conscious of soft comings and goings, of fingers constantly on my pulse, of frantic—and successful—efforts to "save the stitches," of being given a few drops of water through a glass tube at what seemed endless intervals, of the absolute devotion to duty of the two nurses, of the pillows they packed around me and changed incessantly because of the still intense heat.

After the third day the first crisis was past. On the fourth day the terrible nausea lessened. I optimistically had a cup of tea—for a few moments. The fifth day I weakly demanded my nail-file.

The head nurse of the hospital, who happened to be present, chuckled delightedly. "That's fine," she exclaimed. "When a patient begins to think about her nails the worst is over."

She was wrong in my case. I was in that hospital two months, during which I indulged in every possible complication my condition permitted, and a few additional ones of which apparently no one had ever heard. A literary gentleman complained, in his operation reminiscences, that none of his doctors told him what was the matter with him. My experience was the opposite of this. My doctors not only told me all about the numerous things that were the matter with me, but they also suggested innumerable things that might be the matter. They seemed always looking for these other things, which is a strain on the nerves of any patient. They buoyantly told me of these quests, and later cheerfully admitted that they had not found what they sought.

After four weeks in the hospital I suddenly indulged in an embolism—an embolism being a detached and restless clot which usually brings swift death to any one in whose system it wanders. It very nearly killed me; and at this crisis a new and distinguished specialist was called in from the outside world.

He was a delightful man, and I shall always be grateful to him; but the questions he asked me nearly checked the beats of my feeble heart. Could I move my head? Could I move my arms and legs and fingers and toes? He shot strong lights into my eyes. Was there sensation here and here and here? At last, after I was firmly convinced that I was paralyzed from the neck down, he explained slowly and carefully that the patient's one chance of surviving an experience like this was to be cheerful and optimistic as to the outcome. This mildly amused me. Day and night nurses were sitting with their fingers on my pulse. I was breathing with the utmost difficulty. I knew that my color was a rich blue. Therefore, when he finished by asking me to be cheerful and hopeful and to smile at him when he left, I smiled—and then learned that all he really wanted was to find out whether I could move the muscles of my face.

I recovered, possibly owing to the smile. And, as I have said, during my convalescence, I marvelled over certain phases of hospital life. Why, for example, did the great surgeons—not mine, but others—talk at the top of their voices as they passed through the corridors? Why were the visiting friends of patients next door allowed to talk and laugh at the full strength of their lungs, with sick and suffering men and women all around them, in rooms whose doors were necessarily open because of the heat? Why did some of the doctors actually sit on the beds of their patients when they came to call, sometimes sedately on the side, again with their backs against the foot of the bed and their feet doubled under them, Turkish fashion? And why, oh why, did they, as soon as the patient was able to eat at all, send in trays whose contents, eaten entire, might have killed the strongest man?

In short, the atmosphere of our famous hospital was frequently much more like that of a summer hotel than like that of a refuge for the sick. It was fine for convalescents and their visitors. It was agonizing for the nervous and the suffering. In the home of a very sick patient the first requisite is held by physicians to be absolute quiet. If this is necessary, and surely it is, what is the explanation of the carefree uproar made by doctors, surgeons, and visitors in the average corridor of the average hospital?

I asked my physician this question and he hesitated.

"Why," he said at last, "there's something bracing in the big, cheerful voice of a surgeon coming to see his patients. There's B, for example. You can hear him at Blank Hospital as soon as he enters the front door, and it makes every patient sit up. It's all right," he ended, "or they wouldn't do it."

Wouldn't they? I used to lie there and wonder. Then, remembering the appalling responsibilities of a great surgeon's life, and the nerve-racking strain of it, I decided that they did it as boys whistle in dark places, to keep up their courage. If that is the solution, and I still believe it is, let them sing and shout and whistle all they choose. Certainly, it is not one of the thousands they have kept out of untimely graves who should criticise them for it.

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A Day Off

A STORY

By Walter Gilkyson

These double days, in which the past floated like a remembered image below the present, were growing more and more frequent with Mr. Harmon Kingstree. No doubt it was age; he was eighty-one and certainly at no great distance from the end, so it was natural for the beginning to come around again. But that didn't make the beginning what it had been, nor the end any more to be desired. With a little sigh he walked down the steps of the porch, his hands in the pockets of his blue double-breasted coat, and went over to the white lilac bush that stood at the edge of the slope overlooking the river. The lilacs smelled very young. Their fragile purity, bright and momentary as the morning sun, defied the enduring river below, and the monotonous marshes, and the perpetual horizon of the Sound. They were not going to last forever, so they refused to be considered with the sea. A part of the lawn and the tall white house and the promontory that came out from the forest on the northern Long Island shore, they were essentially land flowers, living and dying with the earth, and shedding a particular grace upon "Tradewind."

For an instant the name shone whitely in the memory of Mr. Harmon Kingstree. In his youth Tradewind had meant a slender ship with sails. Later on the ship had gone, although the name remained, given first to an iron steamer and then to this place which his father had built more than fifty years ago. There was still a *Tradewind,* flag-ship of the Kingstree Line, and still the old house; and even more to be wondered at, still this old relic who possessed them both. But unlike the name and the place, the relic wouldn't go on.

Letting the lilac branch swing back he turned toward the porch, his square shoulders bowed meditatively, and his elderly jauntiness temporarily subdued. Of late he had been wondering just what in the world could go on in the midst of all this fog which nobody apparently could see through except the preachers and the women, and they of course in the wrong direction. As for his own family, between liberty and nothing to do, and money and no way to spend it, and brains without any need to use them, they were hopelessly confused. First it had been Martina, and now it was Joan.

He sat down on the porch, feeling impotent and depressed, on the verge of an old-fashioned fit of temper. It was the peevishness of age, he said to himself; he was literally walled in by the years, and now, at the last moment, had come this trouble with his heart which Martina and the doctor took such an almighty advantage of, telling him that he couldn't go up to the office today, but must rest for another week. Why Martina, simply because she was his daughter, should try to run him he didn't know. Certainly she had enough on her hands with her own daughter Joan.

Rocking to and fro, his fingers spread out on the arms of the chair, and two deep wrinkles between his tufted eyebrows, he contemplated the purple distance of the Sound. All along he had known that Martina would make a mess of running Joan. Female prophets were not designed for children, and Martina from earliest infancy had been a female prophet. Since her marriage with that estimable time-table Mr. Lucius Betts, she had enlarged her prophetic gifts, and given herself up most generously to lamentations and good works. To be sure the lamentations were fashionable and the good works were reared on a basis of wealth and developed under the refining influence of publicity, but that didn't make them any the less futile or obnoxious. Indeed the whole performance had about done for her child.

A shrinking, almost frightened look came into his clear blue eyes. Where on earth that child was nobody knew. And only five days ago she had been in this very house, on the evening before she and Martina had their row. Martina said she was working in a store in New York, and—living with the young bounder she wanted to marry. That was impossible. He looked over at the lilacs, as if seeking confirmation from their fragile purity. Prophets were notoriously cruel when they were disobeyed. Elisha had caused a number of little boys to be eaten by bears. Martina was very severe, and not above thinking the worst of a disobedient daughter.

He took up the newspaper from the adjoining chair and glanced over the headlines. They were inspired by that same love of the dismal which was so depressing in Martina. Much better to go to the office than sit here all morning and read about gloom. He rose and walked

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over to the edge of the porch, the newspaper flapping against his legs. There was that stock question to settle. The price at which he would turn over the business. His heart fluttered, stopped beating, and then leaped forward again. Not a living soul of his own blood would ever cherish the things that he had loved. Martina couldn't abide the business or the place, and Joan was gone.

Pushing open the screen door he entered the wide sombre panelled hall. The light from the stained glass window at the head of the stairs clothed the heavy furniture and the bronzes in opulent shadow, touching the white sails of the schooner *Tradewind* with a fugitive radiance, and tingeing with purple and red the green painted waves over which she rode. Of all the things in the house Martina hated that picture most, he thought grimly. She was not one for color, or going down to the sea in ships. The home to which Lucius Betts retired, if he ever did, was factory-managed.

Once outside Mr. Kingstree felt better. Sitting on the front seat beside Joseph he discussed the pros and cons of a new automobile. It was nearly a mile to the gate, with dogwood lying in pale drifts between the trees, and at the top of the hill was a clearing where he could look down at the house and the islanded river and the two capes burning in the bright mist of the Sound. It was all intensely alive. So near and yet so completely sheltered, "Tradewind" was only a by-way to the sea.

The thought of Joan came back to him as the car approached New York, and by the time they had passed through the stale suburbs and had entered the iron jungle itself, he felt frightened and oppressed at the idea of Joan living without protection in the midst of all this. The army of young women moving with such a steady unconcern beside the traffic looked more than ever like sheep in pursuit of an invisible leader, and his resentment at the self-centred lunacy of Martina increased with each block. When he descended from the car in front of the Fifth Avenue office of the Kingstree Line his legs were shaking and his soft hat was pushed back from his forehead in angry defiance.

At the window of the office he paused, his irritation soothed by the symbols of orderly seafaring which had so little to do with the immediate problems of his own family. *Tradewind,* the *City of Wilmington* and the *City of Savannah*. The three fastest steamships sailing between Savannah and New York. Delicately poised, the white model of *Tradewind* looked as neat as a bird and as new as the air. She was the last word on the sea, and the outcome of two long hard-working lives.

Going up in the elevator to the second floor he stopped at the office of William Nurser the vice-president of the Company. The door was open and William, looking surprised, rose quickly from behind his desk.

"Sit down, young man!" cried Mr. Kingstree. "I just came in for a moment to look around."

"Ah, yes. You're feeling better, I hope?" William's careful middle-aged face showed a solicitude that was extremely annoying.

"Of course!" snapped Mr. Kingstree. "I'm always feeling better." He sat down with a stiff-backed precision in front of the desk. "I decided this morning, William, that I was good for another five years."

"Ten," replied William promptly. Too promptly, with a sidewise glance at the corner of the room. A spurt of rage swept over Mr. Kingstree and his heart stopped beating, then leaped up into his throat. Drawing a long breath he fixed his eyes resolutely on the wavering image of William Nurser.

"You're lying, William," he said. "You don't think I'll last six months."

"I wish you wouldn't say that," William complained dismally.

"Well, why not?" Mr. Kingstree took out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and then looked through the glass partition into the office beyond. He could just see the back of the chair behind his desk, which was probably clean now of everything except personal mail. They were doing his work, these men who for years had been carrying out his plans; by right of their long dependence they had come at last into what had been his place. Where they belonged. It was a loyal organization and as tight as a ship. Only, considering how much of him was here, he was sorry that more of it couldn't remain.

"William," he said, "I know I ought to take up that stock business with you, but could you wait a little? I promise you I'll do something about it this week."

"Mr. Kingstree——"

"It ought to be settled. No use in giving my stock to Martina, is there?" His eyes sparkled. William was nothing if not naïve. "How would you like Martina in the business?" He rose with a concealed and painful effort. "Don't get old, William," he commanded. "Old men's fingers get so stiff they can't let go."

"You shouldn't talk that way, Mr. Kingstree," said William reproachfully.

"You don't like it?" The old eyes were mocking and kind. "When you are in charge of the business, keep all the old employees on as long as you can; they break up if they're laid off too soon. If you're lucky they may die." He chuckled noiselessly, his wide mouth closed tight with secret enjoyment. William was a tender-hearted lad.

Once in his own office he found that he didn't want

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to take up any business after all, that it was quite enough to glance over the mail with young Miss Storey, his secretary, ready on the other side of the desk in case he wanted to dictate a letter. Miss Storey, who had been a working-girl now for three years, was about Joan's age, and from the freshness of her face she looked as if heaven had always found her a first-class risk. What she did with herself when she wasn't in the office he didn't know: according to Martina that kind of girl found relief from the unnatural routine of business in an apeing of masculine debauchery. Speakeasies, dance-halls, trips to—Washington.

"Miss Storey," he asked deliberately, "have you ever been in a speakeasy?"

"Yes, Mr. Kingstree, lots of times."

"Well!" He had to confess that he was surprised. She answered as if he had asked her whether she ever went to the Grand Central Station. Something was wrong. Her nonchalance made him feel inexperienced and young. "Miss Storey," he said, half afraid she would burst out laughing, "I've never been in a speakeasy in my life."

After she left he sat for a moment making up his mind. Martina insisted that speakeasies were worse places for women than the old-fashioned saloon. He remembered the old-fashioned saloon, with a side door marked "Family Entrance," and the small room off the bar where full-rigged women with big legs and a great reputation for being "passionate" sat around messy marble-topped tables and drank neat whiskey. Like every young dog he had rolled around in the dirt a bit before getting married. Vice was easy to find in those days, because every one knew what and where it was. But Miss Storey—he couldn't see her at one of the old marble-tops in front of a whiskey bottle. With a puzzled sigh he pushed the button on his desk and asked the boy to send in Mr. Gates.

Sidney would know all about it. He was a friend of Joan's, and if she went to such places he would know that too. Also as secretary of the Company Sidney had charge of the new freight rate to Wilmington. At lunch —Mr. Kingstree nodded, then beckoned stealthily to the young man at the door. "Sidney," he began. That competent young face looked awfully hard to fool. "I want to talk to you about the new freight rate to Wilmington. If you were lunching, say, by yourself or with some young lady who was not—shocked by a drink, where would you go?"

"Mr. Kingstree," said Sidney promptly, "I wish you'd take lunch with me today at the Bombay Bicycle Club."

A hopeless smile broke over Mr. Kingstree's face. He had given himself completely away. "What do they do at your club, ride bicycles around palm-trees?"

"Not at lunch."

"Is it a speakeasy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does my granddaughter Joan ever go there?"

"I've seen her."

"Then take me," said Mr. Kingstree with determination.

A few minutes later he descended from a taxi in front of a brownstone house on the northwest corner of Fifty-third Street, and with Sidney's hand under his arm crossed the pavement, quite sure that he must look like an old gentleman going out with his grandson to pay a call. There was a window in the door in front of them, where an eye had mysteriously appeared, and Sidney stepped forward and began to mutter at the eye. Mr. Kingstree waited, glancing up at the brownstone balustrade which rose from the pavement on either side of the mysterious door. This was what the young people liked. It had an aroma of sin about it. Not for years had he felt so young and devilish.

The next moment the door opened and he found himself in a narrow hallway filled with a hatrack upon which were piled a number of highly respectable hats. Two nice-looking young girls were walking up the stairs, and the young girl who took his things looked like a maid in a private house. A reception of some kind was going on, he said to himself. The daughter of the house was getting married or coming out or something like that. The Italian who came through the hall had a strangely familiar face. With a start of pleasure and surprise Mr. Kingstree recognized Pietro, who had been one of the waiters at his club for years.

Sitting back, feeling singularly at his ease, Mr. Kingstree watched the great number of young men and extremely pretty girls who were Pietro's guests. There were candles on the tables in the darker part of the room, and the red bottles in wicker cradles shone warmly above the white cloth, as if reflecting the quiet intentness of the young faces. Wine buckets were standing upon tripods, the red and gold necks of the bottles rising vividly above the dull silver frost, and through the pleasant smoke-wreathed air came the contented murmur of men and women who for a moment have been left in peace. Not since America had gone crazy had he seen such a sight. The last time had been in Europe with Margaret, the year before she died.

"Sidney," he announced, folding his hands upon the table, "I shall become a life member of the Bombay Bicycle Club."

An excellent fillet of sole Marguery came after the soup, and a large bottle of Château Margaux. Château Margaux had always been a favorite with Mr. Kings-

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tree, and as he drank it the remembered fragrance of the wine floated back across the years, peopling the cheerful room with memories that had a shadowy gaiety of their own. At one time he had been as young as Sidney, and had probably treated old men with Sidney's impeccable tolerance. He had sat behind candles and said the same things, he was sure, to a girl who had smiled back at him in the very same way as that girl over there. He was nearer the dark of the moon now, that was all. There was nothing left of him but a pale edge to mark the full circle which once had been. A full circle, unseen beyond the slip that remained, but in his own memory most magically clear.

As for the future, he glanced over the room, smiling to himself. This was the future. Youth learned, and it always found a way out. Human nature was indestructible. It was only the Martinas who came and went.

"Sidney," he said, "this lunch is mine, and I think we should have another bottle of Château Margaux."

Assurance was the word, he decided, while the waiter, a napkin around the bottle, struggled courageously with the cork. The members of the Bombay Bicycle Club possessed assurance; they weren't afraid because they didn't see anything to be afraid of. The ridiculous state of the nation was none of their making, and they proposed to straighten it up once the older generation, who were responsible, went aloft. In the meantime the youngsters were polite, did what they pleased, and thought no better of their elders than they deserved.

"There's Joan," said Sidney, nodding casually at the other end of the room.

Mr. Kingstree half rose, then caught sight of her in front of a young man, moving toward the door. Of course it was Joan; she would be here, he knew that all along. "Go bring her over," he said quietly to Sidney. There was no use in getting excited, or behaving like a joyful old grandpa in front of all these young people. But he was so glad to see her that the glass clicked against the edge of his teeth when he took a drink.

She turned like a shot after Sidney spoke to her. Then she waved her hand. Quite unashamed, Mr. Kingstree waved his napkin. She was coming over, looking the small independent piece that she was, with her long dark eyes and crooked mouth and absurdly tilted nose. Walking as if she were picking her way toward something that might make her laugh. That was her grandmother over again, never without some private joke up her sleeve. He waited, then pushed Sidney's empty chair aside. That was an outrageous grin. She ought to be spanked. Then he felt her thin strong young arms around his neck.

"This is Lawrence Polk, Grandfather," she said, turning to the young fellow behind her.

"Oh, yes." Mr. Kingstree collected himself and shook hands with Lawrence Polk. He didn't look like the kind of man who would take advantage of a defenseless woman. He had a bony honest face and big horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Sit down, all of you! Sidney, get some chairs." Mr. Kingstree waved his arms excitedly over the table. "I'm a member of your club, Joan. Sidney, get some more Château Margaux." He sat down, out of breath, looking from one to the other without quite knowing what to say. "Do you like it?" he asked the young man, pointing at the half-empty bottle.

"Lawrence is a scientist," said Joan, sitting down beside her grandfather. "He hasn't had a chance yet to investigate wines."

"Give him time, give him time," said Mr. Kingstree, realizing that it wasn't a very sensible remark. Young Polk was a nice boy, any one could see that, and Martina was an old fool. "Where are you living, Joan?" he asked, fixing her with a gaze that he tried to make severe. "Your mother says you ran away from home."

"From her," Joan corrected. She grinned at her grandfather. "You look as if you'd run away yourself."

"So I have, so I have," Mr. Kingstree admitted. "Open it!" he commanded, and then watched the waiter fill Joan's glass. "Château Margaux," he announced triumphantly, watching her drink. "You never tasted anything better than that in your life."

Joan put down her glass. "Isn't he a darling?" she asked Sidney and Lawrence Polk.

"I have an idea," said Mr. Kingstree. Possibly he was talking too loud but no one seemed to care. "If you two would like it—" His heart sank. He was terribly afraid they wouldn't. "We'll all go down to 'Tradewind' this afternoon. You too, Sidney, if you can . . ."

"Not for me, I'm afraid."

"Then you, Joan, and Lawrence." That boy was nice; you could tell it from the way he looked at Joan.

"When?" asked Joan.

"Now."

"I'm working, and so is he."

"Five o'clock, then?"

Joan glanced at Lawrence, then her fingers closed over Mr. Kingstree's hand. "I'd love to show Lawrence 'Tradewind,'" she said.

By half past five they were both in the office, bags and all. Mr. Kingstree had taken a two-hours' rest in his club, and felt unusually spry. For a moment he thought of calling up Martina and telling her that he had found Joan. But if he did she would drive straight over and ask a lot of ugly questions. He glanced at the two bags. They were non-committal. Lawrence had dropped them both down together, and then gone over

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with Joan to look at the model of *Tradewind* in the corner. It was nobody's business. Martina had turned Joan out of the house. Those two looked as if they'd been married since the age of six.

"I have a case of Château Margaux and a case of Château Lafitte waiting for us at the Bombay Bicycle Club," he announced.

It was half past seven when they reached the gate of "Tradewind." Joan and Lawrence on the back seat had been very quiet all the way down, but when the car entered the shadow of the familiar oaks Mr. Kingstree heard Joan exclaim in a low voice. He didn't turn around. She was telling Lawrence about the place. There was a pride and a homesickness in her voice that wrung his heart.

At the clearing young Polk swore gently. "Great view," he said.

Feeling as if life had taken on a renewed importance, Mr. Kingstree saw the young people to their rooms. It seemed positively wrong to separate them; they were so dignified, so completely at home with each other, that he felt like a fussy old duenna. He'd have to talk to Joan seriously—some time. Gathering up his courage he followed her to the window of her room, then stood beside her without speaking, looking out at the pale river that lay in pools between the black tufts of grass. He wanted to pat her on the arm but he didn't dare. She was out there in that twilight loneliness, making herself at home again. When she turned toward him she was smiling, but her mouth was uncertain and her long dark eyes were heavy and bright. "I only love three things in this world, Grandfather," she said. "Lawrence, and you, and 'Tradewind.'"

That was quite enough, he decided as he dressed for dinner. Loving everything amounted to loving nothing, and a general brooder hatched no eggs in the family nest, as Martina ought to know by this time. Martina! It was a good thing the child had some one to take care of her. Trembling with happiness and excitement he fumbled at his wide black silk tie. Loved that young fellow Lawrence, did she? And "Tradewind"? Well, he could see that she got them both.

When he came downstairs, Joan and Lawrence were out on the porch. The boy looked more civilized in his dinner clothes, which was a good sign, and Joan in her rose-colored dress was a bit of dark enchantment. Holding open the door he told them to come into the drawing-room for cocktails, and then led the way, perplexed, delighted, and a little afraid of Joan. She was a different child at night. Not at all the same girl she had been even an hour ago. Her beauty had opened like a flower, and was sending a strange perfume into the dark corners of the house.

It was an excellent dinner that Ruth had prepared, and sitting between the two young people Mr. Kingstree felt gayer in his own house than he had felt for years. Lawrence was a dry, solid sort of chap, with a hidden sharpness that showed he knew what he was about, and he didn't come from South Carolina, as Mr. Kingstree had supposed, but from tidewater North Carolina, near Wilmington. He was working in an electrical laboratory in New York, and was full of new notions about machines. "You have to be ready," he said in his slow quiet voice, "to scrap anything the moment you come upon something better, Mr. Kingstree. What's serving you now may not likely serve you twenty years from now."

"But it isn't always as easy as that," Mr. Kingstree objected.

"Easier in the beginning than it is in the end. What you sell yourself brings more money than what the sheriff sells. I reckon you in your own lifetime, Mr. Kingstree, have seen sail and steam and electric turbines."

"That's true. Sixty years ago I had to fight my own father over the change from sail to steam. He didn't want to change. We old men never do. What do you think's coming next?"

"I don't know. But whatever it is, it'll start in a laboratory."

"Yours," said Joan.

"No, it's just as likely as not to come out of some other fellow's——"

"Are you interested in ships?" interrupted Mr. Kingstree.

"Yes, sir." Lawrence nodded thoughtfully. "That is, I am in the engine-room part."

"Grubby," said Joan. "That's why Mother can't bear it. She wants me to marry something sweet and clean."

"Your mother is a reformer," said Mr. Kingstree.

"Yes, and look at Father, running around after all the flora and fauna of New York."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Kingstree, scandalized.

"Do you blame him, Granddaddy?"

"But you don't know that, Joan."

"Do you blame him?"

Mr. Kingstree took a long drink of Château Lafitte. "A woman's place is in the home," he pronounced.

Joan looked at Lawrence. "I told you he was one of us," she said.

Sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, in front of a wood fire that was very grateful to his old bones, he knew that Joan was only being kind, and that he was very far from being "one of them." He was tired now, and quite ready to rest, while those two were only talking against time, doing their best to be polite. There was a moon outside, and the tide was coming in: the water was black and silver, and the two capes were a

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pale doorway to the sea. He and Margaret fifty years ago had suffered silently in the unbearable heat of this very room, oppressed by the brooding stagnant repose of the old. Fortunately he could remember. He turned to Joan. "Why don't you two go out in the boat for a while?" he said.

The swiftness with which they both got up was pathetic.

"We'll only stay for a little while," Joan said.

"No hurry; I'm very comfortable here. Joseph will unlock the boathouse for you." He nodded, lit a fresh cigarette, and then picked up one of the magazines.

In a few minutes he laid it down. Through the lamp-lit quiet came the sound of the motor, tapping away like an industrious insect in the dark. Then the sound faded out, leaving him alone with the soft crackle of the fire, and the fantastic dance of shadows on the wall.

The proper atmosphere for a crime! He crossed the room and lit the drop-light on the desk. What he was going to do might be wrong, but at the end of life right and wrong grew terribly confused. So confused that it was just as well to follow instinct. Heart, some people called it, but he had never been quite sure of that. With a dry smile he sat down at the desk, unlocked the drawer, and took out his will.

Turning over to the fifth page he copied one of the paragraphs on a sheet of note-paper, making a change in the name. Then he turned back to the third page, studied it for a few minutes, and began writing again. The lingo was easy to understand, and most of it quite unnecessary, he'd been told.

Rather amused at his skill as a lawyer he sat back and read what he had written. The words looked important in the will, but written out in his own familiar handwriting on "Tradewind" note-paper, they looked like a letter. A letter to Joan, giving her "Tradewind" and his stock in the Kingstree Company. He picked up the pen. "I ask her to dispose of one third of the stock to my officers and employees on such terms as she may see fit." That was only fair. It put Joan in his place. He was a regular old sea-lawyer tonight.

Numbering the pages, he signed the last one, and then made a small circle after his signature, with an L. S. inside. Just for luck the signature ought to be witnessed, so he rang the bell and when Michael came in told him to go back to the kitchen and get Ruth.

They were somewhat startled on learning what he wanted, and Ruth when she sat down to write exclaimed bitterly at the wickedness of the pen. That was to hide her astonishment. Thanking them, Mr. Kingstree told them that was all, and as soon as they left tucked the sheets of note-paper into the fold at the top of the will, and then put the whole thing back in the drawer.

Greatly relieved, as if he had accomplished a task which for a long while he had been afraid to undertake, he walked up and down the room, clasping his hands together and smiling to himself. This was a beginning and not an end. He was starting life all over again, with Joan and that fine young fellow she was going to marry. His own flesh and blood would live at "Tradewind," cherishing this bit of earth to which his spirit had clung so long. It was a kind of immortality, as if his love for the place, what he was to the very bone, would live on again in them.

That boy would take an interest in the business. There might be ships in the future more beautiful than *Tradewind,* even more beautiful than the first slender ship with sails. Martina was wrong; the world was not going to pieces. Mankind was indestructible, and youth was its spirit.

Glancing out of the window he decided that he would walk for a few minutes on the porch before going to bed, so he put on his hat and coat and stepped outside. It was warmer than he had thought, and the moonlight, deepening the shadow of the trees, spread a luxuriance over the lawn, making the grass look deep and heavy, and turning the dogwood branches into a marble frieze. A thin mist lay over the river, drifting landward with the incoming tide, and the cold searching smell of the sea came in on the wind, drowning the scent of the lilacs, and filling the air with a sharp unrest. From the low bright cloud between the two capes came the monotonous tap of the motor, each moment growing a little clearer.

Mr. Kingstree lit a cigarette and sat down on the porch. They were coming back early as Joan had said. He would wait for them, tell Joan what he had done, tell her she could marry that young man whenever she pleased. Tomorrow morning at the clerk's office, if she wanted to. It had been a long day and a good one, but he was tired. His hands were heavy. So heavy that he could hardly lift them. It was absurd for an old man's hands to get so heavy.

He sighed. The smell of the sea was restless. It was nosing about him, putting a chill on his heart. The sound of the motor was louder. He couldn't see, but he could hear it, pounding and roaring in his ears. His heart was sinking, and he drew a long sobbing breath, struggling to turn it back. Then it fell, carrying him into blackness, and the cigarette dropped from his fingers to the floor.

Slowly the cigarette burned out. The wind stirred the lilacs, bringing the sound of voices to the porch. It blew softly over the motionless face of Mr. Kingstree, and then scattered the pale coil of ashes at his feet.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

PLUTONIC LABORATORIES *By H. Gordon Garbedian*

Scientific workshops 100 miles under the earth's surface now envisioned by scientists

One of the great mysteries still confronting science concerns the nature of the interior of the earth. We know more about the sun, more than 92,000,000 miles away, than we do about the interior of our little globe a few miles below our feet. Those remote, fascinating spiral nebulæ or star families at the borders of the known universe—so far away that even venerable astronomers hardened to such things are staggered by their tremendous distances—daily tell us more about their nature. But we have been and continue to be quite ignorant of the major forces that work inside our earth.

The deepest borings in the world are not much more than one mile deep. It is 4,000 miles to the centre of the earth, so these borings are of little value in telling us anything about the earth's interior. They disclose less than a pin scratch on the peel of an orange would reveal about the inside of the orange.

Science is now dreaming of the day when instead of a mere pin scratch we shall have investigated the major mysteries of the crust of the sphere that is our earth and have gone even farther toward the interior. Men of science today look forward to the building of subterranean laboratories amid the raging heat in the deep bowels of the earth to which they may descend in specially constructed uniforms to fight with nature for her secrets imprisoned there. Although some years ago it was considered impossible to go very far down into the earth's interior, prominent engineers and scientists now consider it a feasible feat to sink a shaft perhaps as much as twelve miles down.

When that epochal scientific achievement is a reality instead of just a dream, it may be possible to obtain first-hand evidence concerning such momentous enigmas as the origin of the earth. Man may find out how to explain and perhaps curb the earth's lashing seas, spouting volcanoes and almost daily earthquakes, may solve our growing problem of power by tapping our globe's limitless heat to run our civilization, may throw new light on how life comes into existence and what causes death may learn . . .

Some of the world's leading scientists and engineers, including the late Sir Charles A. Parsons, at one time president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, John L. Hodgson, and Doctor Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard College Observatory, who have considered the project of underground laboratories, see in it no obstacles that modern engineering cannot overcome. Doctor Shapley recommends as a beginning for man's conquest of the mysteries hidden inside our earth a series of permanent scientific laboratories established along a single shaft sunk to about three miles deep in the bowels of the earth. Deeper temporary workshops—ten, thirty or even a hundred miles down—are desirable, he and other men of science believe, if two great obstacles in the form of expense and unusual engineering problems can be overcome.

The tremendous heat imprisoned within the earth is perhaps the biggest problem that science must overcome if the dream of Plutonic laboratories is to become an everyday reality. It gets hotter as we descend deeper into the earth. For each sixty-four feet that we descend nearer to the heart of the earth's interior there is an increase of one degree Fahrenheit. It is estimated that at a depth of three miles the increase in the temperature would be about 250 degrees Fahrenheit. Almost all the substances known to us would melt in the merciless inferno that rages thirty miles down under the thin crust of the earth on which man lives.

Engineers believe they could with safety construct a shaft twenty feet in diameter and lined with granite to be sunk in stages, each about half a mile deep, to an ultimate depth of twelve miles. Specially constructed machinery would help to pump the hot air out at the lower levels. Air locks at suitable intervals would be provided along the shaft, in order to keep both the pressure and the temperature below the lock down to points at which human beings could survive. It is believed that cooling machinery including pipes filled with brine would further help to conquer the problem of heat.

Human life, in fact all organic life, depends for existence on a large number of delicate adjustments of powerful physical forces in the mysterious interior of the earth. That interior, according to Doctor Reginald A. Daly, Professor of Geology at Harvard University, must be regarded in the light of modern geology as a sea of dense liquid glass on which the oceans and continents forming the crust of the globe float and slide. At the centre of the earth, reaching outward to about one-half of its radius, is a core which exists under the tremendous pressure of 50,000,000 pounds a square inch and under the intense heat of more than 50,000 degrees Centigrade. The theory which is generally accepted today is that the core of the earth is made up largely of iron materials. According to this theory the earth's core is about 4,000 miles in diameter and is composed almost entirely of iron.

Surrounding the iron core are successive shells, each relatively homogeneous but not too sharply bounded. The outer shell forms the earth's crust on which we live and is some thirty miles deep. The commonest rock of this outer continental shell is some variety of granite; that of the underlying layer is a heavier, dark-colored basalt, similar to some of the volcanic lavas. Beneath that, probably surrounding the actual core, is a shell consisting of material not unlike the metallic iron of the meteorites.

Our new conception of the materials that go to make up the various shells

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of the earth supersedes the older, picturesque theory that the earth is "a molten ball of fiery material with only a very thin crust between man and realistic hellfire." It is based to a large extent on a study of "X-raying the earth," a process which Doctor Daly explains as follows:

"Just as the chemist is studying the anatomy of the atom, the astronomer the structure of the star by the study of light and heat waves, just as the depth of the ocean can now be tested by measuring the echo of sound waves from the bottom of the sea, so the geologist can now infer something of the structure of the earth by analyzing the long waves set in motion by the mighty hammer of an earthquake."

Take a stick between your hands. Bend it until it breaks. The sudden snap sends vibrations along muscle, bone and nerves of the arms.

In a somewhat similar way the rocks of the earth's crust have been and are being strained. Every day somewhere, they are snapping and sending out elastic waves from many centres. For the whole earth the average number of shocks registered every year is about 9000, or about one every hour. A worldshaking of the first magnitude occurs every eighteen days or thereabout. Fortunately, most of these originate under the ocean and do comparatively little damage.

These earth waves, travelling great distances around the earth, measure from twenty to forty miles beneath crests, and, as they pass, a whole mountain range, a vast plain or an entire city rises and falls like parts of a raft on an ocean swell. The swing is usually so slight that only special instruments can feel it. New York, Paris, Moscow and Bombay and all the other cities in the world are in this way raised and lowered many times a year, though not enough to be felt by man. The geologist is now using these waves to add to our knowledge of the earth's invisible interior in the same sort of way that the surgeon explores the deep inside of the human body with the X-rays.

The geologist, busy at his ingenious task of decoding the history of the rocks under our feet, is no longer alone in his keen interest regarding the interior of the earth. More and more are the other sciences besides geology turning inquiring eyes in the direction of the secrets hidden inside our globe. From the biologist examining minute matter with test tubes and microscopes to the astronomer probing gigantic celestial systems far, far away—all men of science now know that their task would be far easier if they were not so mournfully ignorant of the nature of the earth's interior. For that region of the planet has served and is now serving as the stage for "a gripping drama" which, if we could understand better, would enable us to comprehend more clearly all the various phases that go to make up the whole cosmic picture.

That is why the suggestion of building Plutonic laboratories arouses so great interest. Although the study of "X-raying the earth" has given us new ideas concerning the shelled character of our globe and of the various materials that go to make it up, this research will never tell us all the things that a subterranean laboratory would. Such a laboratory would serve to settle many problems of science now in dispute and would throw new light on many questions which are now scientific enigmas.

Defense or attack of the Einstein theory of relativity, for example, is tied up closely with the whole question of ether drift. Doctor Einstein says that no drift of the ether past the earth can be detected. But at least one distinguished American man of science, Doctor Dayton C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science, maintains that an ether drift has been detected. It is believed by Doctor Shapley and other scientists that experiments a few miles below the earth's surface, undisturbed by difficulties of surface experiments, might settle this important problem.

Underground study of earthquake waves might be especially useful for understanding the generally continued tremors of the earth's surface rocks. These are detectable by delicate seismographs and are called microseisms. If we knew how far these small, continual earth waves penetrate into the earth's crust, or whether they originate there, we would be more able to foretell the occurrence of earthquakes and perhaps to curb their destructive power.

A vital question from the standpoint of human civilization some years hence is entwined in our study of the earth's interior. Sources of power are rapidly diminishing. Modern civilization is built on power. How is it to go on when our supply of oil and coal runs out, as it will in the not too distant future? Inside our earth is something more valuable than limited deposits of gold, diamonds, oil and gas. It is an inexhaustible source of heat. We can tap this unlimited reservoir of energy and power by going down several miles into the interior of the earth.

Studies on the physics and chemistry of life which could be made in a subterranean laboratory hold great promise for humanity. At the present time biologists are able to keep light away from laboratory cultures of germs or other creatures. They can also keep air away. They can regulate the temperature as they wish. But there is one thing they cannot keep away from experiments at the surface of the earth—the cosmic ray, mysterious waves or particles which continually bombard the earth from outer space. The cosmic ray penetrates laboratories as easily as light rays go through ordinary glass. Only in the underground laboratories of which science is dreaming would it be possible to keep them out altogether. As these cosmic rays are potent influences on the innermost nature of life, particularly on heredity, science would find it very desirable and important to discover what happens to living creatures when they are deprived of the habitual exposure to the cosmic rays to which all of nature's creatures on the surface of the earth are subject.

The mystery of the origin of our planet is not yet solved. Was it born full-featured from the sun, or is it a composite of planetesimals? If its outer crust has been built up since birth by the infalling meteors, the explorations in Plutonic laboratories may tell us of the manner of growth. The subterranean investigator, by examining the problem of the earth's flow of heat from its bowels, the distribution of radioactive elements, the pulsations of the earth's crust, and by seismic studies, will be able to find out new evidence on the origin and the supposed meteoric nature of our earth.

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THE JUROR IS PROBABLY RIGHT

By Edmund Pearson

An expert in murder stories relates his own experiences on the jury

THE jurors, at the trial of the Knave of Hearts, in *Alice in Wonderland,* were all writing on their slates when Alice entered the court. They were putting down their names, she was told, in fear of forgetting them.

She exclaimed "Stupid things!" whereupon all the jurors wrote the words "Stupid things" on their slates.

Later, when there was a disagreement about a date, some one saying "the 14th of March," some one else "the 15th," and a third "the 16th," the jurors wrote down all three dates, added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

Altogether, they acted according to the popular notion of a jury.

It used also to be my notion, but as a result of some observation of juries at work, I have changed my ideas.

For ten years I have been on the special panel drawn in New York County, and reserved for important cases—usually homicide trials. So I have seen numerous juries chosen, and have served on two or three. In addition to this, a month on a Federal grand jury; a few visits to courts, in different States, during some interesting trials; and a month as member of a court martial, while in the army—an experience similar to jury duty—have made me look with more respect upon the twelve men in the box.

I am speaking of criminal trials. In civil suits a strong argument can be made for the abolition of the jury and the substitution of expert referees. But in criminal cases, to state my opinion briefly would be to say:

1. Despite occasional blunders, almost invariably *in favor* of the prisoner, juries, every day, are reporting intelligent verdicts.

2. Juries prefer to acquit, or if they cannot, to find the accused guilty of a lesser offence than that with which he is charged.

3. Every murder trial is dragged out five times its necessary length by the outrageous latitude allowed lawyers for the defence. These men are permitted to strut and play-act, to deal in humbug, to insult honest folk who have to appear as witnesses for the State, and to suggest theories which are so idiotic as to merit no consideration. This does not protect the innocent man: it jeopardizes him.

4. To enroll one or two extra jurors, to act in case of disability in one of the original twelve, and so prevent a mistrial, seems wise.

5. If ten jurymen could find the verdict, without requiring unanimity, nobody would suffer wrong, and there would be less opportunity for one corrupt juror, or one crank, to sell, deny or delay justice.

Those who harbor the idea that prisons are largely populated by the innocent, or that unfortunates who have committed no crime are frequently claimed by the executioner—such as these need only do one thing: stop seeing moving-pictures and reading detective novels, and go instead to witness some real trials.

Actually, the prisoner is protected by a set of safeguards many of which were devised under the theory that King James I is around the corner, ready to destroy our lives and liberties. The figure of Justice ought to be represented not by a woman, blindfolded and holding a sword, but as a doddering crone, blind, deaf, and foolish, and armed with a pop-squirt. Her opponents, the attorneys for the defense, on the other hand, come against her supplied with all the weapons of science, as well as poison-gas, and a liberal supply of mud, to sprinkle anywhere, but especially upon the reputation of the person who was so foolish as to get murdered or robbed by the prisoner.

A court martial, as I said, is similar to a jury, except that it finds the verdict, and determines the sentence. Before such a court, consisting of a dozen young infantry officers, temporarily commissioned from civilian life, during the war, a private soldier was tried for murder. In the quaint language of the charge, he had wilfully, deliberately, feloniously, and with premeditation, killed "one Dock Pinkard, a human being." The prisoner's peculiarly inappropriate name was White. They were members of a negro Supply Train, then in an Eastern camp, on their way to the port of embarkation.

While at work, one day, White and Pinkard had a quarrel, with an exchange of insults, and a stone or two, thrown at close quarters. They were separated, but White used part of his noon hour to go to a friend in the next company and get from him a ball-cartridge. Putting this into his service rifle, he waited his opportunity. Late that afternoon he was in his quarters as Dock Pinkard, the human being aforesaid, strolled down the company street, crooning the songs of the South. White picked up his rifle, leaned out the barracks window, and dexterously shot him dead.

This was murder, by military law, or any other. It was not, in my opinion, murder which would justify a death sentence. There had been provocation to violence—although, as five hours had elapsed before the killing, it could not be called a crime committed in the heat of anger.

So much pity did the court feel for White, as he sat there weeping silently, that nearly all the members voted him guilty only of manslaughter, and of that he was convicted. He was weeping, of course, like all killers, for his own predicament—not for Pinkard, then travelling southwards, encased in a pine box.

And it was not altogether because of White's limited intelligence, as "a cornfield darky," that they pitied him. A medical officer, a psychiatrist, had deposed that by the tests of psychiatry the prisoner had a "mental age" of nine years. The importance of this was slightly impaired when, in answer to my question, the psychiatrist said that none of the officers in camp (excepting, I suppose, the psychiatrists) had a mental age of more than eleven.

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As a result of experiences like this, I have not felt much respect for the hysterical agitations which now and then arise, on behalf of convicted persons, in which the agitators assert the *innocence* of the convicts. Such agitations appeal to the emotional, whose hearts are all set to throb over old tales of the wrong man on the scaffold. After more or less reading on this subject, I doubt whether any story of the execution of an innocent person, during the last hundred years, in England or America, is true. Such stories are usually founded on the statement that somebody said that somebody else made a "death-bed confession" of the crime for which the other man had been executed. And of all legends and old wives' tales which have gathered about the subject of crime, the "death-bed confession" is the mouldiest fake of all.

In the criminal courts, as soon as counsel for the prisoner enters, he begins to act a part. He is Horatius at the bridge; Patrick Henry defying tyrants; Lincoln freeing the slave. In every look and gesture, in every tone of voice, for the next five days he tries to convey to the jury these thoughts: "Look at me, while I make a lone fight for righteousness. Here I stand, the sole protector of that innocent boy, that young hero, that holy martyr whom these ruffians seek to destroy."

Meanwhile, the innocent boy (aged 29) who has been caught red-handed, hacking his girl to bits with a cleaver, and for two weeks after arrest has admitted the crime freely to every one, tries his best to resemble Sir Galahad.

I saw a jury selected for the trial of a Japanese butler on the charge of murdering his wife. His lawyer spent the best part of one day questioning talesmen as to their acquaintance with the ancient custom of *hara-kiri*. When he had filled the box with twelve men who were sufficiently familiar with the practices of the Samurai, and the foundation had been laid for a defense based on the theory of suicide, the trial proceeded. The medical testimony then showed that of the thirty-five knife wounds inflicted on the victim, eighteen had been in the back. Thus, after wasting two court days, and a good deal of money, the trial was halted, and a plea of second-degree murder was offered and accepted.

Some lawyers for the defense are convinced that they are profound psychologists and readers of character. With wrinkled brow, they stare fixedly at the talesman wiggling in his chair, and seek to convey to the prisoner's friends that they are looking into the very soul of the prospective juror; turning him inside out. Then, after a few stealthy paces up and down, they wheel upon him with this question, uttered in tones of awful portent:

"Mr. Jones, as you sit there——"

(I don't know why they always have to say "as you sit there," but they do.)

"As you sit there, do you believe you could give this boy a fair and impartial trial?"

After I have heard this question asked one hundred and forty times in a morning, I have felt a vain hope that some weary citizen would lean forward, and say:

"Why, no, Mr. Attorney, I have no idea of doing anything of the kind. You see, I am president of the company which makes electric chairs, and business is bad. I got in here pretending to be somebody else, to see what I could do for sales-promotion. 'More electrocutions' is our slogan."

Another favorite question, asked fifty times by a lawyer representing a man who had slain three people, was:

"Mr. Jones, do you realize that this is a serious matter for my client?"

To which the obvious reply should have been:

"Counsellor, I thought he was here only because he found that the croquet lawns in Central Park are being mowed to-day."

In order not to be accused of siding always with the prosecution, or being invariably in favor of conviction, I may say that I have never taken part in a trial which resulted in the death sentence, and that I was one of nine jurors who argued for six hours, in a stuffy jury-room one night, in order to prevail over the other three, who thought that the lad would be none the worse for a few moments in the electric chair. He was acquitted, and I believe rightfully acquitted, although, after the trial was over, the judge rebuked us for our verdict.

A recent trial illustrated the manner in which an accused man comes into court with the dice loaded in his favor, while the law is hobbled and hamstrung. A man desired to become a city magistrate. His wife, one day, took out of her bank $10,000, with which she wandered about the city, looking for a worthy person upon whom to bestow it. By a curious coincidence, she came upon two leaders and office holders in the dominant political organization of the city. Into the laps of these gentlemen—both strangers to her—she poured the money, and then tripped away, like any Lady Bountiful. By a second coincidence, the husband was then appointed as magistrate. Some of his transactions came to the notice of an investigating committee, and the two political leaders were invited to testify before a grand jury as to this $10,000. Each exercised his legal privilege, and refused to answer any questions, on the ground that to do so "might tend to degrade or incriminate" him.

Later, the pair were called before a committee, in regard to the same matter. Again, both of them hid behind this technicality, and tacitly admitted that they dared not tell the truth.

At their trial, every juryman had to assert, over and over again, that he promised to pay no attention to the fact that these two men had made what was practically an admission of guilt; that this should influence him in no slightest respect; and that he looked upon them as if they were as spotless as the Judge on the bench. Naturally, this jury disagreed, and the accused men went free.

Can one imagine any other transaction of life, small or great, in which the person required to form a judgment would be made so to stultify himself; to promise to act like an imbecile, and ignore perhaps the most important fact relative to the case?

Juries are capable of acting intelligently when the criminal law does not forbid them to use their brains.

Shortly after this farce, a man was brought to trial for perjury. He had been a policeman in plain clothes, a member of the "vice squad," to which was entrusted the delicate task of keeping the city morally pure. One afternoon about a year earlier, with a broth-

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er policeman, he forced the door of a city apartment, and arrested a woman whom he charged at the night court with "vagrancy"—that is, with being a prostitute.

This policeman testified at the night court that the presence of a man ("unknown" to him) in the room, the statements of the man, and other circumstances had justified the arrest. The woman had, nevertheless, been discharged from the night court—after one of the professional extortioners, who call themselves lawyers, and have their roost nearby, had drained her of every dollar she had. He called this his "fee," for defending her before the court. She was a middle-aged woman, living with her mother. When the policeman and the lawyer got through with her they had ruined her livelihood, and left her impoverished.

She now appeared as the State's witness against the policeman. She was a Russian, who ten or fifteen years earlier had been a ballet dancer. At the time of her arrest, she was dwelling in a ground-floor apartment, and earning a precarious living by teaching dancing. One afternoon, a man applied to her for a lesson and as soon as they were alone in the sparsely furnished front room, seized her, and knocked over a table as a signal to the two officers who waited outside. They rushed in and made the arrest. In short, it was a vulgar "frame-up," with a stool-pigeon working in connivance with the policemen.

Her story was corroborated by the testimony of her mother and of other persons; by the improbable nature of the policeman's charge against her; and by the evidence given by another stool-pigeon, friend of the chief actor in this case, who saw his comrade go in, and watched the raid which followed. Sometimes the profits from such arrests were collected on the spot, as simple blackmail; sometimes they were gathered in and shared among the conspirators, in the form of the fee paid to her lawyer at the night court. I would say that the stool-pigeon was perhaps the lowest form of parasitic life which appeared in this case, if the police-court lawyer had not himself put in an appearance.

How would a jury look upon this evidence? The policeman did not go on the stand in his own defense. His lawyer ruthlessly cross-examined the woman for a day and a half, omitting no filthy insinuation which might soil her reputation, and throwing mud with that free hand which is permitted to the defense. (After the trial, the judge said that his investigation had shown that none of these insinuations was justified. Her reputation was good.)

Yet the victim had been shrewdly chosen from a class which might be supposed to live on the edge of the half-world. And on the advice of her original "lawyer," at the night court, while she was in terror at the power of the police, she had made false and contradictory statements, which now returned to plague her.

The jurymen had not discussed the case for an instant. As soon as they reached their room, without words or delay, they proceeded to a written vote; each to write "Guilty" or "Not guilty," on a slip of paper. The foreman unfolded and read the twelve ballots. Every one was "Guilty."

All the tactics of the lawyers for the defense; all their antics, during a week's trial, had not succeeded in throwing dust in the jurymen's eyes. The prisoner was sentenced for a term of years, for as mean a crime as one could imagine, and for importing a dirty bit of official tyranny from those old and corrupt monarchies which we pretend to pity.

If I were dictator, it is clear I would not abolish jury trials in criminal cases. On July 4th, however, I would stop reading to children that part of the Declaration of Independence which recites the offenses of George III. Instead, I would tell them, not about the crimes of an old, dead King, but of our tyrants and cruel overlords of to-day: the crooks, gangsters and murderers whose persecution of the weak and helpless ought to excite the indignation of genuine liberals. And of the partners of these crooks: the degraded criminal lawyers who are permitted to come into court mouthing hypocrisies about liberty and the rights of the individual, when all they actually seek is a loophole in the law, or a fool in the jury-box, so they may restore a burglar or a murderer to his friends and his relations.

ALAS, KIND ELEMENT!

By Leonie Adams

THEN I was sealed, and like the wintering tree,
I stood me locked upon a summer core,
Living, had died a death, and asked no more.
And I lived then but as enduringly,
And my heart beat, but only as to be.
Ill weathers well, hail, gust and cold I bore,
I held my life as hid, at root, in store:
Thus I lived then, till this air breathed on me.
Till this kind air breathed kindness everywhere,
There where my times had left me I would stay.
Then I was staunch, I knew no yes nor no,
But now the wishful leaves have thronged the air,
My every leaf leans forth upon the day;
Alas, kind element! which comes to go.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

West of Omaha

By Grant Reynard

Grand Junction was a little German settlement when my grandfather creaked west to Nebraska. The Indians still roamed the country. Mother told me how they came begging corn, scaring them 'most to death. There were bitter blizzards and blistering drouths, but in spite of Indians and climate grandfather stayed with Grand Junction.

For some strange reason they built the town on the flat plains between two rivers. The Loup was north of us and the Platte River five miles south. The Platte seemed to draw the picnickers and hunters most. In summer low scraggly trees along her banks were covered with wild grapevines. The sun parched her channels. Near Schurtzburg's farm a wash of current left a hole where we could barely wet ourselves in August. When the hot sky sucked back the river, farmers killed catfish in the shallows with pitchforks. In winter solid wind-stung ice checked her snaky flow to the Missouri. Great honking flocks of teal and Canada geese went north when the ice broke up. Tons of smashing cakes crumbled up the wooden bridges and churned them into splinters. She was a treacherous river, this Platte.

I was born on Third Street. It was the town's main street with stores running west from the Congress House and dwindling into the residence section. Our house was on the edge of the dwindle. Next door Doc Samson, whose left side was paralyzed, practised in the front room of his house. The great hackberry tree in our front yard made a cool shade in summer. Doc hobbled over afternoons and rested on the bench beneath it.

Down the street cross-eyed Hank Blakely always sat chewing in the smelly door of his livery stable. Hank had many stamping horses in the dark stalls of his barn. Then came Sauerman's undertaking place with a bowling alley over it. Guenther's saloon and Jim Foley's bar divided the better-class German and native trade. Over on Front Street the saloons were thick. Across the tracks my Uncle Bryan ran a Keeley Cure.

My dad had a piano store down under Spitznager's Opera House. As a kid I took piano lessons for years. This made me useful in showing off pianos in the store but didn't make dad rich. As I grew older Professor Zuber gave me jobs playing the piano in his German orchestra when Max Schneider got full and failed him. Zuber's orchestra played at all the best dances—Elks' dances, dances at the Liederkranz Hall and down at Ott's Park and the German beer gardens. Our steadiest playing job in summer came from old Martin Schirmer, who ran Sand Krog. I always went down there with the bunch. At the beer-garden dances Schneider was sure to drink too much.

THE GERMAN DANCE

Schirmer's Lake was about four miles southwest of town. Full of German carp on its muddy bottom, wabbly shacks hung on its dank sides. Sand Krog was a dance hall near the road that led down to the lake, and Wood River ran alongside of the beer garden.

On hot summer nights they danced outside on a floor in the garden. Sweaty farm hands and hot hired girls. The place reeked of the fishy river mud, nickel cigars, rye and limberger sandwiches, Swiss cheese, dill pickles and beer. Zuber's orchestra played till all hours. Between dances the "Wacht am Rhein" would plow its way across the garden from the barroom. Some of the drinkers sang in the Männerchor and Plattdeutsch Verein in town, and the more beer the lustier song.

Schneider played the piano in the orchestra. Professor Zuber always tried to keep him near the piano between dances. But Schneider was parched permanently. He had to have his wetting most every intermission. Daytimes he worked in my dad's piano store in town. He was forever getting prospects for sales to bartenders. He had enormous hands, was as good-natured as he looked, and awfully kind to his horse, which he called his team. When he showed off a piano he improvised, with a Wagnerian flourish, great smashing smears of German chords. Then he would suddenly pull the "Dawn in the Alps" stuff and get all sentimental, and his face go sad and beer-eyed. He always came in and went out of the store through the back. Got onto that through going to so many saloons with Family Entrances in the alleys. Never sober, seldom stewed. Just a great soft German giant full of music and beer.

Pospischel, who played the bass fiddle, had big hands too, a bushy pompadour, and a flourishing red mustache. He was a harness maker and walked with a little limp as though he'd had a touch of frost or something. One of his arms was a bit short. He had to twist it snappylike to make long reaches on the strings. He never drank or smiled at dances but stood stolid and sad, as big as his fiddle, and his little arm jerking the bow around so fast it never seemed to belong to him.

Young Goebel, who played the clarinet, was a smarty. His face was wide and shiny and as full of pep as he was sawed off. Mr. Goebel, his father, had

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been mayor and owned a lumber yard, so Albert felt his oats. He blew up like a red toy balloon when he tooted a run and his voice was as high as his clarinet.

Gus Ebert played the cornet and was sour on the high ones. His Adam's apple churned up and down and his eyes were always turned up in his head as if he was trying to look over specs like a burlesque country school teacher. He was forever shaking the spit out of his horn, and hung a derby over the bell on the dreamy waltzes.

Hans Bendel, the trap drummer, was timid and dumb. Everything he ought to be he wasn't. He was miscast and always acted as if it hurt him or the drum to thump it.

Professor Zuber, the leader, played fiddle and ran a dray line. He had sideburns, a big nose, was honest, and should have been a Scotchman. He never drank beer and was as patient as any leader could be with such a drummer. Between keeping Bendel on the beat and Schneider on the wagon, he did more directing than fiddling. Professor coached the Männerchor and played for the Opera House and most of the town dances. But Sand Krog was his specialty. It was beer, hired girls, and Zuber's orchestra that kept the crowd at Schirmer's Lake. He led the Pacific Hose band in town and raised a fine family. In spite of all the German dances, beer halls, and cheese, he seemed to stand for something solid and clean in the midst of his sweaty orchestra.

Fourth of July was always a big day at Sand Krog. Early in the morning the Saint Joe and Grand Junction would run a wheezy special down to the siding at Schirmer's Lake. All day long the farmers poured into the place with tired wives, kids, lunch baskets, and their horses rattled at firecrackers.

Some of the town swells came out on the Saint Joe. They spent the day fishing for carp and bull heads, blistered in row boats, and took mud baths in the lake. Some of the older boys would spoon around the willows with the girls, but wood ticks and gnats pestered their romance.

It never failed to work up a cracking shower in the late afternoon. Most of the crowd, thanking old Pluv for the chance, would beat it up to the hall for cover. The folks up there were beery and good-natured by then. German mothers gave their kids a little beer and filled them up with pop and crackerjack. By the time the shower stopped every one was wet inside and out. The soggy garden reeled again with dancing.

The Nebraska summer night swallowed up the blistering sun and steeped the grove around the hall in a close romantic dark. The waltzers whirled fast. Plump farmer girls tossed their happy heads, their bright dress a kaleidoscope of swinging color as they came under the lamps. Hilda Erlich always smiled, her hair a gorgeous braided gold, tight, and like a crown. Coats bobbed black and shirt-sleeve whites whirled by with ties that streamed off back when not pressed tight to warmer bosoms. Flashing couples churned against the murky drop of night. Along the sides lamps sprayed lemon light across the dull green of the garden.

Doc Dorgan, who came West with his lungs, would dance around with the pretty farmer girls. He had jerky legs and when he looked at you one eye seemed straying off some other place. The dancing made him pale and he would hack a bit.

Later the moon might shine down through the trees, as though to lend a little poet's light to some hired-girl's romance. Professor Zuber never slackened up the pace. On into the morning with the waltz and ragtime tunes, he'd make the dancers spin. It might be two or three before the "Home, Sweet Home" would bring the night to an end. Little girls and heavy baby boys cried, half asleep, when mothers waked them up. The stupid teams went clumping off with drowsy loads of farmer folks.

The orchestra would linger for a lunch in the barroom, old Adolph Busch busy cutting liverwurst and bringing bock. By then Schneider had a sentimental leer, his eyes rolled red and with a swollen look. Pospischel would wrap his big bass fiddle up like a clumsy black mummy.

When Bendel got his drums all in the rig, the horses jogged away toward town. The clover, damp and sweet close to the road, the horses' barny smells and Schneider's breath would make a mixture rare upon the night. We'd all be near asleep when of a sudden the horses would take a sharp bend in the road and, going by the moon-white cemetery, we would know that we were getting close to home.

THE ELKS' CLUB

The Grand Junction Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks had its quarters up over the Daley Fruit Company on Front Street. Climbing the stairs that led up to the lodge rooms, you could smell bananas. Mornings, with some of the other fellows, I made extra money unloading bananas for Daley from cars on the Front Street siding. Late afternoons and evenings I set up pins in the Elks' bowling alley upstairs.

At night the old alleys reminded me of a battle. The smudgy lighted haze of smoke down the room, the glistening golden alleys and dark balls slithering along; the whack and bang of hollow sounding pins; the other balls rolling back up front and tumbling to rest against a neighbor, only to be sailed into resounding slam and rattle of wood; the high laugh of Chris Netch or the whaling oaths that Oscar Engle sent roaring through the smoke.

Moe Franklin, the steward, always reminded me of dining cars and swaying water bottles. His crisp white coats seemed to citify the club. He strutted into the alley with trays of cigars and polished glasses flashing in the murky air, a high light topping his ebony. Moe and Mrs. Franklin ran a boarding house where town swells dined and bragged about how Alabama the food tasted. They catered at the Binghams' and Pells' parties. Moe shone and gleamed his Birmingham best about the Elks and was efficiently dusky, except when Mrs. Moe went south to visit her sister. Whereupon he went on a jagged bat, making a substitute necessary to the benevolence of the order.

Evenings the billiard room was as happy as the bowling alley. I'd leave Chuck Cogshell setting my pins and go over there for a rest. Banker Pell was slow and slick with his cue. He looked overfed and aldermanic, reaching for long shots and trying to keep one foot on the floor, his cigar hanging limp and helpless from his under lip. He wouldn't shake the ashes off. They piled out on the end, an ever-increasing hazard of a great gray smudge.

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The overhead lights made vivid green backgrounds for the darker forms in action against them. The long lines of Tom Ferris, of Ferris's Hardware, stretched across the green oblong and clicked balls together about the rails. He made slick shots off several cushions and was the club's best player. At home he was pestered by his hen of a wife. Tom played late at the club, hoping she would be a little gummed by sleep when he stole home.

Sid Emery shot a wicked game with Ferris. Sid wore the loudest clothes in the club. He was in town week-ends, travelled for Silver's Wholesale Grocery, and smelled of cigars and coffee. The boys waited Saturday nights to see what stunt Sid would pull. He brought the first circular shirt-front to town—the kind cut up like pieces of pie. Sid reached under his vest between shots and twirled it around a notch. Bursting with gags and smoking-car stories, he was permanent end man in the Elks' Annual Minstrels. Fond of shooting with the cue held behind his back, Sid swayed his pussy little stomach way out as he stretched backwards over the rail.

Through a large doorway you could see into the reading room. The cigar case stood close by the door. A long table in there was piled with magazines. I had seen Mert Stewart, an older Elk, sneak pages out of the fly magazine that Emil Welsbach imported after his trip to Paris. Emil was the club's naughty boy. Having a rich dad, he entertained the chorus girls every time a musical comedy hit the Opera House, chasing the show on down to Omaha with Ike Salters in his new car.

On through another door was the grand hall where the big stuff was done and the dancing. The large elk head over the platform seemed moth-eaten from the start. Moe fell down there, hardly ever dusting his horns, which made him look as though he'd feel more at home down in Fleek's gun-store window. They hung a large colored picture of Judge Henry Pell, the first exalted ruler, done by a travelling photo enlarger. There were imposing chairs up front where I supposed the exalted rulers sat on private nights when they fetched out the goat and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and pulled the eleven-o'clock stuff my dad hinted at.

It seemed desecrating to pull off the gay dances in the dignified goat hall, but they had them once every week. Those nights Moe had a particular polish on everything except the elk horns. He might have its nose dusted off but he always missed the horns. Zuber's orchestra played and there was punch and cut glass and flowers all over the library table.

The ladies were well gotten up on those nights. Beady black dresses with tight waists and cigarette card hips, and some doing Lillian Russell poses in low-necked white satin with lots of clustery stuff and corsages about.

My dad looked handsome in his full-dress clothes. Mother's patience ran low getting him pried into things and he boiled over little cusses, hooking away at her back fastenings. But once horned into their clothes, they did look grand, Dad with his lean dark mustache, and Mother full-bosomed but happy that a fat lady could look as thin as she managed to look in those tight waists.

She was always a little envious of the Daiter girls. They were thin and willowed through many dances with Jim Hawley and Ike Salter or Emil Welsbach and other town swells. The older women whispered things about them, but underneath their gossip they envied their shapes and the slick clothes they wore. No use talking, Ada Daiter was a beauty. With pale blonde hair and very dark eyebrows she looked cool and warm at the same time. She swept the boys with her dark spine-tingling lashes, or opened them suddenly, very dolly-wide.

Some holidays they had masquerade balls instead of spike-tail dances. Even Moe Franklin wore a cornucopia hat as he served folks, and Mrs. Moe came dressed like a Southern mammy in a bandana. Folks broke loose from their moorings those nights. Sauerman, the undertaker, diked out as gay as possible, tried his best not to look like an embalmer. Mrs. Sauerman, tipping the scales at about two-fifty, liked to show her dainty legs. She had little feet, too, and when dancing, made you feel she was about to take off from her moorings any minute.

Mrs. Doctor Fish, the dentist's wife, looked too fast for Doc those nights. He walked as if he had permanent corns. Mrs. Fish had a cute shape which she wasn't going to waste. They couldn't keep her off the floor even at intermissions. She put on solo dances without invitation. Her costume was imaginary and having very little mind over her matter she always grew kittenish. Doc parked in the bowling alley where he couldn't be embarrassed by her carrying on.

Elk nights Zuber's orchestra was polished up, too. Max Schneider looked very dressed up at the piano. Professor Zuber didn't mind so much on German dance nights, but Elk evenings he had Schneider over to their place for supper, so Max wouldn't overload his inspiration with too many beers. The orchestra played better than usual. Goebel didn't honk so many geese on his clarinet. They always wound up the evening with "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot," played in slow waltz time.

After the dance my folks asked the Shaws and Rogerses up to our house where mother had canned shrimps and peas on tap. Stirred into a cream sauce they made a chafing-dish nightmare called wiggle. Dad always played chef on these late occasions. He stood at the head of the dining-room table, a white apron circling his dress clothes, showing off his early French ancestry as he stirred the bubbling dish.

While the folks ate wiggle and giggled away downstairs, I paddled up to bed. After the excitement of the dance and my pin setting, sleep wouldn't take me off till near dawn. I heard the folks finally come into the front of the house gossiping about the way Sid Emery had carried on with Ada Daiter. Off they went into the night, Mother calling softly down the front walk so as not to wake the Samsons next door. Locking-up sounds and Dad pulling the clock cord on the stairs. After they came up, a long time undressing and mumbled sounds of muffled talk about the dance. Their lazy buzzing might be broken by the fool rooster over at Samson's in the back. He got the moon mixed with the sun and had to crow a little, but very weak and throaty as if he had a cold.

THE CONGRESS HOUSE

Bill Daiter, who ran the Congress House, was a born spender. When he came West to take over the management he began right off to boom the

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place. Had the whole house cleaned, put in fancy furniture and a natty crew of waitresses and bellhops. It wasn't long before he had the cream of the town's high livers coming for his fancy meals.

Mother started a line of hinting, the fall that Daiter revived the old hotel. She was tired of thinking about three meals a day. Why not rent our place or shut it up and try boarding down at the Congress House? This appealed to Dad's stomach. He had heard about Daiter's bill of fare. So we rented our house on Third Street to Doc Fish's brother and down we went bags and canary to live at the Congress.

The building was four stories high. We were parked on the top floor. Dad bought a great length of rope and tied one end to the radiator. In case the place caught fire and we were cut off from the rickety escape he would throw us out the window.

Daiter had figured red carpet laid all up and down the halls and stairs. The elevator was very uncertain. It bobbed and teetered when Johnson, who ran the contraption, opened gratey, rattling doors at landings.

Mr. Daiter had three Italian fellows who furnished music all harpy and Venetian during dinner and then went back to shining shoes, peeling spuds or cleaning spittoons between promotions into harmony.

He had also imported John Toombs, his stiff-necked head waiter. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, and bent at the waist, as if he had a little cramp, ushering customers into the dining room. Some of the waitresses Mr. Toombs head-waitered were good lookers if you didn't mind about their feet. They seemed flat and worn out. Mr. Toombs anchored us at a table near the kitchen doors and our girl had a gold tooth.

After dining largely, we could sit out in the lobby and listen to the Venetian trio, with no dishes for Mother to think about. There they would be, at home, cluttering the sink, a wabble-stacked chicken-gravied cluster of drudgery. At the Congress she could sink back in state and leather cushions, nothing bothering her but bad tunes from the romantic music makers.

Mr. Dick Sellers, the perky clerk, wore loud shirts and ties and jollied the ladies and travelling men. He told every one the place was heaping full when there were vacant rooms on every floor. Sellers tried to get up a case on blonde Ada Daiter but old man Daiter soon squelched that.

Ada went pretty steady with Jim Hawley who worked in the bank and sang in the Elks' quartette. She was a dinger for looks. All the fellows in town envied Jim going to dances and shows with such a pinchable blonde. Ada had her Dad's get-up and go. Later she went off to study music in Chicago, and coming back at vacation times she brought snappy ideas right from the metropolis. Daiter added French words for fried potatoes and other things on the bill of fare. Now and then a hunter from up around Fleek's gunstore would bring in a bear or deer he'd bagged up in the Black Hills, and we'd have bear steak and venison. Due to Ada's Chicago influence the soups turned turtle or chicken okra.

On Saturday nights they pulled special dinners with dancing later in the evening. Folks got dressy and the menu was very French. Mr. Toombs might have to help Bonnie, our waitress, translate the bill of fare. The dining room rattled gaily, heavy dishes, glasses and silver clinking above the hum of talk. From the kitchen flowed a never-ending stream of surprises, the girls kicking the doors wide and flashing in and out with heavy trays. Sudden faces of white-hatted cooks or dishwashers surprised us peering through the round, glass-covered holes up top.

There were sunny days out front on East Third Street with fellows parked in fat armchairs against the bricks, warm and sleepy. They puffed and yarned away, just to the left of the barber-shop entrance. Saturday, week-end drummers brought wisecrack ideas into the local line of talk. One of them, Doug Stevens, was a great swell and got sweet on Ada Daiter. This didn't do Jim Hawley's insomnia any good. Doug dressed so St. Louis that it kept Jim busted buying new togs to spark Ada in.

Ike Gorley, one of the Third Street squatters, said Doug and Jim were both suckers. Women got a man no place, specially them blonde kind that kept parrots and went off to Chicago. The hotel gossips would watch the latest turns Saturday nights, to see whether Stevens or Hawley sat at Daiter's table.

Jim rode a wicked horse in crack style and hired a pair of fine ponies from Hank Blakely's barn, taking Ada for long rides. She brought home a Michigan Boulevard outfit that set the town talking. Sam Exeter had fixed Jim up in a nifty equestrian layout, the fastest thing in town—the kind villains wore at the Opera House. Jim would crack his boots with his whip when he was off his horse and stand around looking like somebody at a jockey club. Ada's skirt had yards in it and almost dragged her sideways off her horse if she took a fast corner. Doug Stevens couldn't ride, but he swung up to the front entrance Sundays with Hank Blakely's sorrel team and red trap. He drove Ada down to the Platte River bridges and all over the country.

Some nights I left my folks just outside the dining room listening to the music, and went over to the wing back of the office where the men played cards and smoked; Old Tom Binney, the barber, and the drummers. I saw Dick Sellers squeeze Ada Daiter's arm in there one night. He found Ada looking for news about herself at the paper rack. Dick would zephyr out from his desk, a peppy mixer at all times. When Dick jollied her, Ada's laugh seemed higher pitched.

We hadn't been at the Congress House many months when Mother developed a longing for the old house on Third Street. After all, head waiters and Wop music and French gravies all over things didn't quite satisfy her. She wanted the privacy and quiet and even the old drudgeries of the house up under the hackberry. So we were doomed to migrate back up Third into a gentler atmosphere. This came at a rotten time.

Mr. Daiter, deciding to outdo the enemy Kelly House, had brought a regular mural painter on from Chicago to decorate the Congress up in grand style. From a shaky scaffolding in the lobby entrance Professor von Heider painted fairy angel women, with trumpets, flying through the air at a great rate. Ike Gorley came in from his sunning on Third Street and gaped at these miraculous soaring females.

Before we moved there was one consolation. We had the fire I'd been yearning for. It came off in the night, and

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we were jolted awake by a hammering on our door. There was a cutting, sneezy smell and the room was pitch black before Dad found the light. But it proved a punk fire because he wouldn't use the rope. It turned out to be just a stinking smudge from the cellar down beneath the kitchen. Folks prowled the halls all night, sleepy and bedraggled, nervous for the morning.

It smoked up von Heider's ladies but he restored them, bathed and pure again. Daiter did over his whole shebang that month before we left. There was scrubbing and plastering and the dining-room was almost ruined. With the Venetian trio cleaning up the mess there was no music at night, and Mr. Toombs wilted with so many duties laid upon him.

Every one got overworked and grouchy but Dick Sellers. He was crisp and laundered and loud as ever. The Saturday after the fire he pulled a dirty trick on Daiter. He resigned right in the middle of the mess and took a train for Omaha, where worse and more of it, Ada Daiter joined him. Old man Daiter nearly went nuts. Had them detectived and chased all over Iowa and Illinois, but Dick was a snapper. A justice of the peace in Galena bound them safe and sound, out of reach of the vile minds of several Grand Junction gentlemen, including Mr. Jim Hawley of the Farmers' National Bank.

BLACK BELT

By Carl Carmer

THE shadows of the magnolia leaves were black and still on the withered grass. From the high darkness of the reception room in the Big House I looked out past the white flutings of a column into a world of dark shapes and amber light. The drought had lasted so long now that the air was filled with dust that mellowed the sunlight. I heard Tennant's Ford; heard it make the peculiar chugging noise it always makes when it turns off the pike and starts the climb through the corn field to the house.

Soon it rolled under the magnolia and stopped. Tennant got out—a little slowly it seemed to me. When he came into the hall he called to Mary Louise, and in a moment I heard her coming down the stairs.

"There's trouble over at the store." His voice sounded tired.

"What is it, Tennant?"

"There's a family of niggers live over by Tishabee—four brothers besides the women—name's Wilkinson."

"I've heard of them."

"Well, one of them bought an old phonograph from Tom Shelton Saturday, paid ten dollars for it. When he got it home it wouldn't run and he and his brothers fetched it back this morning and asked for the money. Tom just laughed at them. The niggers had been drinkin' and the first thing anybody knew Henry Wilkinson—that's the eldest—picked up a Coca-Cola bottle and hit Tom over the head with it. Byrd Johnson was standin' there and saw it, and he pulled out his gun to shoot Henry when one of the younger boys shot him through the stomach. They say Byrd is dead now."

"What did they do?"

"That bunch of checker-players was in the back room and they come pilin' out just as the niggers started to run. They caught the youngest one—and strung him up to a tree. He's hangin' over the road out there now. They think the rest of 'em are in a cabin up the road a piece. They've got it surrounded—say they're goin' to burn it."

"It's makin' me sick."

"I wouldn't have told you except I was afraid somebody else would say something. And we don't want to let *him* know."

I knew a thumb had jerked in my direction and I rose and tip-toed back into my room. I lay on the high, white surface of the four-post bed feeling the soft monotony of the heat.

Another car drove up and stopped—almost under my window. After a moment I heard steps in the hall and then a high, tense voice.

"Mist' Tennant, you reckon we kin use your telephone? We want to git them dogs over from Mississippi."

"Why, I thought you didn't need 'em, Fred."

"We did, too, when we burnt up that cabin, but they wan't no signs o' the black apes in the ashes. So I better be phonin' for them dogs. Reckon they won't git here 'fore six or so."

I heard Mary Louise's voice, unnatural and thin:

"But, Mr. Smith, I'm afraid it's out of order. I couldn't get central all day."

"I better make a try at it, anyway, please ma'am. Can't waste any more time."

"It's just to the right of the stairs," said Tennant.

Steps in the hall again, and then Tennant's voice—almost a whisper:

"You shouldn't have said that."

"I couldn't help it," said Mary Louise desperately. "It's horrible for them to get the dogs by usin' our phone."

"Sh-sh—listen. We'd better get our niggers in from the lower forty."

"Shall I ring the bell?"

"And let everybody know? Send William and have him say we've got something for them to do near the house."

There was a long pause. I could hear Fred Smith's voice dimly as he talked to a man who lives in Mississippi and keeps bloodhounds. After a while he stopped and then came the starting roar of the car outside my window.

"Much obliged, folks," called Fred Smith. The house was silent.

I lay still and tried to sleep—but my mind wandered ceaselessly over the hot, dusty road, through the wide corn fields. Finally I arose, bathed, dressed, and went out to sit under the magnolia and wait for supper time. The air was motionless.

There was a rustling in the corn field behind the house. Tall tops near the edge were swaying violently. Then a small black boy came out and ran toward the house.

"William," I called.

He stopped and turned a hopeless face toward me.

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"Come here, William," I said. Slowly he came.

"I know what happened this morning," I said. "Mr. Tennant and Miss Mary Louise don't want me to, but I do. Have you heard any more? I'll give you a quarter to tell me if you'll not tell anybody I asked."

"They killed my aunt," said William breathlessly. "My uncle Lafe, he's deaf, and he was drivin' Aunt Susan into town. White folks say 'Stop 'at car,' but Uncle Lafe he don't hear. White folks shoot through the back of the car an' kill Aunt Susan. Uncle Lafe took on awful, but they tol' him he mighty lucky to git out alive he-self. I got to go tell my mammy." He turned and ran into the house, forgetting his promised reward.

I sat looking down toward the road. The sky was beginning to redden with sunset. A low rhythmic moaning came from the house. I had not noticed its beginning. It seemed to me to have been going on a long time.

Tennant's Ford was climbing the rise again.

"Well," said Tennant, "I certainly am ashamed we've left you alone most of the day. I reckon it's been pretty hot, though, to do anything much."

"I had a long nap this afternoon," I said. "How are things with you?"

"Pretty good. Haven't got as many watermelons as I thought I had. Some black rascal's been gettin' up early these mornin's." He laughed. "Let's go in an' have some dinner."

Mary Louise sat at the foot of the long table—the big silver coffee pot beside her.

"You'll have to excuse the service tonight. Lula's not feeling well and Aunt Mattie is helping out."

Aunt Mattie, ageless and slow, teetered about the table, muttering.

"You haven't begun to tell us about your life in New York," said Mary Louise. "It must be awfully exciting."

While I was in the midst of a description of new skyscrapers and newer subways the kitchen door opened. A black man entered and stood just inside. I wavered—stopped.

"What is it, Dolph?" said Tennant sharply.

"'Scuse me, Mist' Tennant, but them dogs run over our land down by the branch right by Preacher Ben's place, an' Preacher Ben he out in front an' the men with the dogs shoot him."

"On my land?" said Tennant, and his face grew white.

"How could they?" Mary Louise burst into tears. "That sweet old man!"

"He been preachin' fer forty year," said the black man.

Tennant turned to me. "There's been a little trouble at the stores today. Some niggers got a little out of hand."

"Tell me about it," I said.

He looked at me uneasily. "Why, I reckon there ain't much to tell. Just a little trouble—the niggers that started it took to the corn fields and the sheriff got the dogs to help catch 'em. I'll be out in a minute, Dolph."

The black man went out.

"I'm sorry," said Mary Louise, drying her eyes. "I reckon I must be tired. Do go on about New York. It's fascinatin'."

After dinner Mary Louise and I sat out on the porch behind the towering pillars and watched the moon creep up from down below the road. Aunt Mattie brought juleps and we sipped at them in silence. The air was cool now and a little breeze filled it with rustlings. Out in the corn that spread its tossing leaves over almost half of the county we knew that men were striding behind the tugging, whining dogs. Tennant came out in a short while, took his glass from the tray and sat down heavily. We had almost finished our drinks when Mary Louise spoke:

"Do you reckon the governor——?"

"He was elected by the Klan," said Tennant grimly.

Then no one said anything for a long time. The moon was just above the tops of the tall pines down by the road. Its light made the shadows of the pillars on the porch floor into deep black oblique stripes.

"If you'll excuse us," said Tennant, "I reckon we'll go to bed. It's been a right hot day." They left me and I sat a long time in the weird beauty of the Black Belt night before I returned to the friendly softness of my bed.

Aunt Mattie waked me in the morning—bearing down on me rather uncertainly, loaded tray held high.

"Miss May Lou say she don' think they'll hol' meetin' at Bethel Hill this mornin'—but they will."

"I want to go," I said obstinately. "You tell Miss May Lou if she'll lend me the Ford I'll just run over there by myself."

Aunt Mattie walked off, muttering.

In about an hour Mary Louise appeared.

"I'll just put on my hat and drive you over there," she said, "but I'm sure they won't be having services. They're too frightened."

"Why don't you let me go alone?" I said.

"Oh, no, I'd really enjoy it." Her voice had the same thin ring that it had when she told the sheriff the telephone was out of order.

"Well, then, let's go," I said.

We drove down the pike a few miles, then turned off on a narrow, climbing, rocky road. After about two miles we could see the weather-browned little bell-tower of Bethel Hill church.

As we drove into the scant yard we saw a few Negroes gathered under a sycamore tree beside the steps. We stopped, and immediately a straight black man with a grizzled moustache left the group and approached us.

"Good mornin', preacher," said Mary Louise.

"Mornin', Miss May Lou. Mornin', sir."

"Mornin', preacher," said I.

"You're a little late in startin', ain't you?" said Mary Louise.

"Yes'm. It's takin' 'em a long time to arrive here this mornin'. Couple of our deacons started walkin' 'long the road an' somebody shot at 'em. They won't let any of us folks on the road on account of all the trouble yistiday. They's a-comin', though." His arm swept in an arc that covered the valley. We looked down and saw the corn fields dotted with people. In the cleared spaces we could see them plainly—men and women moving upward toward us.

"That was an awful thing that happened yesterday," said Mary Louise.

"Yes'm," said the preacher. "It sure was awful. We was mighty sorry to lose Preacher Ben. He was a good man an' he preached round here for forty year. His wife says he died prayin' for them that shot him."

"We're all terribly sorry," said Mary Louise, a little tremulous.

"Reckon we might as well begin,"

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said the preacher. "We are honored to have you-all's company."

"We walked across the yard and entered the little church. The pews were board benches. At the far end in the centre was a platform on which were a bare table and two chairs. The preacher mounted the platform.

"We are honored today by havin' the company of distinguished white friends, an' I'm goin' to ask them to name the first hymn we sing. What'll it be, Miss May Lou?"

" 'Somebody's Knockin',' " said Mary Louise. "I love to hear y'all sing that."

The simple melody rose, gathering volume. More people were entering the church. It was almost full.

"Knocks like Jesus
Answer Jesus
Somebody's knockin' at your do'."

Now the benches were full and men were sitting in the windows. Their voices grew louder.

"O sinner, why don' yo' answer?
Somebody's knockin' at yo' do'."

When the song ended the preacher announced the "first collection."

"That's for us," whispered Mary Louise. "He's afraid we'll leave before the end of the sermon."

After he had blessed the offering the preacher began to speak, slowly. His text, he said, was from Isaiah, the thirty-fourth chapter and the second verse:

"For Jehovah hath indignation against all nations and wrath against all their host."

He said it was a mighty bad thing for men to get mad. And it was a bad thing to make men mad. Usually it was the fault of both people when they got mad at each other. But when the Lord got mad at a man it couldn't be anybody's fault but that man's. The Lord was always right. He didn't get mad often, but when he did, awful things happened.

The preacher was warming up now —striding nervously from side to side of the platform.

"Anythin' the Lord do is right," he shouted.

"Have mercy, Lord," came back at him in a hysterical feminine shriek from the front bench. He broke into a chant—beginning on a high note—ending in a low, breathless, husky minor.

"The Lord can throw a thunderbolt
An' burn your cabin down
An' he'd be right.

The Lord can raise a hurricane
An' blow your chimney stones away
An' he'd be right.

The Lord can raise a mighty flood
An' drown your mules an' children, too
An' he'd be right.

Ain't he a terrible God?"

Cries came from all over the little chapel:

"Oh, yes, Lord."

"Jesus, have mercy."

"You're right, brother."

Behind us a big black woman began to shake convulsively. Two men arose and held her.

"Let me alone!" she screamed. "I'se bound to shout. I see the light—I can see Jesus." Above the rising Babel—the preacher again:

"The Lord can make the sun so hot
Burn up all your beans an' corn
An' he'd be right.

The Lord can make boll-weevil come
Eat up all your field of cotton
An' he'd be right.

Ain't he a terrible God?"

Mary Louise lifted her bowed head and leaned toward me.

"Please let's go," she said. "I can't stand it. These poor people!"

When we got to the Ford a tall black boy was sitting on the running board.

"Jes' waited to see nobody touched your Ford, Miss May Lou," he said.

"Thank you, Rafe," said Mary Louise.

We turned back toward home. The noise inside the little church was very loud now. But above it all rode the preacher's voice—asking his proud question.

UNDER COVER

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

Wings match the underside of shade;
But no more softly than the hush
Where hemlocks make dark neighborhoods
Is matched by notes of birds. The thrush
Instilled with a desire for song,
Finds cover for his voice that sings
In the slow drip of forest rains,
In overflows from icy springs—
With no more sunlight in his throat
Than there is sunlight on his wings.

With pinions white as shining salt,
Wings match the crested wash of waves;
But in the blowing of thin scud,
The sea-gull finds the voice he saves
To keep it harsher for the storm
That breaks in thunder on the beach.
He whistles loud with whistling wind,
But under cover of its reach,
He turns the lashings of a gale
Into the whipcords of his speech.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

The award of the Nobel Prize to John Galsworthy was received with general satisfaction. His literary career began at the beginning of the century (the publications of 1897 and 1898 are of interest only to the biographer) and in 1906, with the appearance of "The Man of Property," he found himself famous. At that time he had no intention of writing anything more about the Forsytes; but the preference of thousands of readers was as intelligent as it was insistent; it was a happy day in English literature when he once more put that family on paper. Assembling five works in one volume in 1922 and giving it the faintly ironical title "The Forsyte Saga," he made what seems to be a permanent contribution to English fiction. He has had many imitators during the last ten years; but there are, in our century, only two "era" works of high distinction, "Jean Christophe" by Romain Rolland and "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy.

When I was in London in 1928 I picked up the morning newspaper and saw the headline

DEATH OF SOAMES FORSYTE

the most gratifying compliment that any writer of our time has received.

And now, whether he wants to or not, he must live with the Forsytes until death do them part. His novel of 1932, "Flowering Wilderness," makes up in steady interest whatever it may lack otherwise. From first page to last, it holds the reader's attention, the touch of melodrama being as exciting as it is improbable. In this book we enjoy a novel written with the refreshing competence of a master.

Outside of the fortunes of the Forsytes, among the novels of Mr. Galsworthy I prefer "The Patrician."

If Mr. Galsworthy had never written a novel, he would still deserve the Nobel Prize. This rather bold assertion is based on his admirable plays; for in the magnificent florescence of the British theatre between 1892 and 1914, he has a garden of his own. Where he learned "the technique of the drama" I do not know; but the glorious year 1906, which saw that masterpiece of fiction, "The Man of Property," also saw his first play, "The Silver Box," revealing a first-rate dramatist. 1906 was a red-letter year.

"The Silver Box," "Strife," "Justice," "The Pigeon," "The Skin Game," "Loyalties"—among living men only Barrie and Shaw have equalled John Galsworthy as dramatist.

His verse is respectable rather than remarkable; but his essays are very fine. There is a good reason for giving him the Nobel Prize, apart from his work as dramatist and novelist; he fulfills the intention of the original donor. Although John Galsworthy is a one hundred per cent Englishman in ancestry, breeding, and education, he is an internationalist. To him foreigners are human; as intelligent, *even as trustworthy,* as Englishmen.

Mr. Galsworthy is one of the few men now living who write all their work with pen and ink; so that not only his manuscripts—which he carefully preserves—will have value because he wrote them, but in time they may be noteworthy as twentieth-century curiosities.

Two Englishmen, two Irishmen, and one American have received the Nobel Prize. The English language may dominate the world in other respects, but it does not seem to overawe the Nobel Committee.

Mr. Galsworthy's great contemporary, Sir James Barrie, returns to prose fiction for the first time in thirty years, with the publication of "Farewell Miss Julie Logan." This is in the fourth dimension, of imagination all compact. No one but Barrie could have conceived it and certainly no one else could have made so fantastic a dream so vivid. It takes us back over forty years to "The Little Minister." Incidentally I learned more new words than I have from any English book in a long while. The Scots language has peculiar felicities; I wish I knew it better. It comes as naturally from Barrie as ghost-stories from A.E. When the latter gentleman appeared in my house, I rather expected to see him accompanied with a leprechaun.

The accomplished Percival Christopher Wren delights his enormous and loyal constituency by writing another novel on the French Foreign Legion, and at the same time granting a wish I expressed in these columns three years ago, that he would continue the history of the prize-fighting hero of "Soldiers of Misfortune." He has done both in "Valiant Dust," a ripping yarn of adventure, filled to the last page with excitement.

New murder-stories that will hold you in thrall are "Valcour Meets Murder," by the dependable Rufus King; and "Rope to Spare," by Philip MacDonald. Works of this kind I select carefully; I have had the bad luck lately to read six would-be thrillers that were intended to "distil me almost to jelly with the act of fear"—but they didn't jell. Nothing is worse than a dull murder story.

The second volume of Arnold Bennett's "Journal," covering the years 1911–1920, is even better than the first. His observations are acute; whatever one may think of his novels and plays, he was a born journalist. He told me in 1912 in London that he would certainly visit America again, and possibly he would have done so if it had not been for the interruption of the war. I have seen reviews of these two volumes of the "Journal" which complain that they are commonplace. I find them extraordinarily interesting—not a dull entry. His conversations with Barrie, Hardy, Wells, Moore, Shaw, etc., are thrilling. The Journal abounds in good stories—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after being rebuked by Shaw at a rehearsal of one of his plays, said "You are a terrible man, Mr. Shaw. One day you'll eat a beefsteak, and then God help all women."

Recently I heard that on a certain occasion Bennett came up to E. F. Benson, and said "I have just been reading your latest book, and it is plain you can't write." Benson replied, "When I took up *your* latest book, I found I couldn't read."

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's "The Victorian Sunset" is not nearly so good as its predecessor, "Those Earnest Victorians." It bears the marks of haste and of something more unfortunate—the determination to finish a job.

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As this is about the time when those who migrate in the winter are thinking of Bermuda, I take pleasure in recommending a book on that beautiful island that seems to me ideal, "The Story of Bermuda," by Hudson Strode. This is a sumptuous volume of nearly four hundred pages in large type, embellished with *seventy-five* illustrations. It is divided into the following sections—History, Bermuda Today, Writers on and in Bermuda, Architecture, Gardens. The full-page pictures are superb; and as Mr. Strode is a scholar and man of letters, the prose style is worthy of the scenery.

An able and decidedly readable survey of the present condition of literature, with conjectures as to its immediate future, is found in a smallish book "The Outlook for Literature" by Professor A. H. Thorndike of Columbia. "The one safe prediction that can be made of the literature of the future is that it will go on increasing in quantity." Long before the Christian era, a philosopher made the petulant remark, "Of making many books there is no end," just as one hundred years ago people complained of the "roar" of the crowded streets of cities. As Carlyle shouted at the top of his voice to proclaim the wisdom of silence, as Bernard Shaw spoke half an hour over his allotted time to proclaim the folly of public speaking, so the only way to call public attention to the excess of books is to print another. Professor Thorndike is not going to be disturbed because of the thousands of new books, because of their indecency or vulgarity, or in fact because of anything. He has the wise attitude of accepting what cannot be altered, and commenting thereupon. Speaking of the popularity of contemporary pessimism, he says "the original Puritans were not more lacking in geniality and urbanity or more vociferous in their objurations. . . . Surely this is a passing mood, for even if the world seems very ill, it can't be any worse than it has often been before, and it may still incite hope and humor."

As to the increasing custom of printing words in books that used to be seen only on fences, Mr. Thorndike says, "nothing is more tedious than the repetition of sexual indecencies, or, let us say, improprieties. The sensation produced by a word tabooed in polite society cannot survive its frequent recurrence; even the small boy who retires behind the barn to hear himself say naughty words finds the exhibition eventually unexciting."

I recommend to all who are interested in the correct pronunciation of English and in good usage to read the little tract by the scholarly and urbane R. W. Chapman, called "Oxford English." This is a reply to an American accusation; is full of specific instances, and therefore valuable. The dog-letter "R" is one of the chief differences between the English of our Middle West and the English of the Oxford lecture-room; but there are others. The vowel "O" in words like "wrong," for example.

The best one-volume life of Scott that I have seen is "The Laird of Abbotsford," by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. It is called "An Informal Presentation of Sir Walter Scott." It is exclusively biographical, and as fair an account of his virtues and weaknesses as seems possible. It should serve as a healthy corrective to the devastating attack on Scott by Donald Carswell, called "Scott and his Circle," if it were not for the fact that apparently Hugh Walpole and I are the only persons who have read Carswell's book.

I was talking about Scott at one o'clock in the morning with the Governor of Connecticut, who, it is safe to say, knows more about Scott than the Governor of any other State. We were discussing Scott's irregularities in financial matters, when the Governor said that Scott's action at the end wiped every previous peccadillo off the slate. And so it did. It is well to remember that just as a noble career of thirty years can be destroyed by one foolish or criminal act, so one splendid deed may erase all black marks. Unfortunately the latter is much rarer than the former.

"Love Lyrics from Five Centuries" is a handsome quarto, beautifully printed and illustrated in color. The poems have been chosen by George G. Harrap, the pictures were made by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz, and there is an interesting introduction by John Drinkwater. I wonder why the lovely lyric "There is a Garden in her Face," one of the best poems of Thomas Campion, is ascribed to Richard Allison.

"Life and Lillian Gish," by herself and Albert Bigelow Paine, is a book that will delight many thousands of readers; and the numerous portraits of Miss Gish in various rôles add to the value of the biography. Her beauty is so impressive that it will become legendary, like that of Mary Anderson. The best thing that has been said about her art as an actress is by George Jean Nathan, who wrote in *Vanity Fair*, "The particular genius of Lillian Gish lies in making the definite charmingly indefinite. . . . The whole secret of the young woman's remarkably effective acting rests, as I have observed, in her carefully devised and skilfully negotiated technique of playing always, as it were, behind a veil of silver chiffon. . . . She is always present, she always dominates the scene, yet one feels somehow that she is ever just out of sight around the corner. One never feels that one is seeing her entirely. There is ever something pleasantly, alluringly missing."

The purest beauty is always elusive. Miss Gish is like the Madonnas of Andrea del Sarto, that we see through a silver mist.

Those critics who insist that she did not *act* in "Uncle Vanya" and in "Camille" had better consider the words of Mr. Nathan; for she is truly a great artist. No one who has seen her can possibly forget her; and it took adverse critics so many columns to explain why she was not a great actress, that I am reminded of what Oscar Wilde said when Labouchère wrote three columns headed "Exit Oscar": "If it took Labby three columns to prove I was forgotten, then there is no distinction between obscurity and fame."

"Theatre and Friendship: Some Henry James Letters," with a Commentary by Elizabeth Robins, is a book full of charm; furthermore it shows Henry James's intense interest in the theatre. It was one of the disappointments of his life that he could not succeed as a playwright. Bernard Shaw clearly explained why. It was in his *language*, which could not get over the footlights to the ears of the audience.

Here is a book that will please all cultivated people, whether they know much about etching or not—I heard Childe Hassam say the other day that there were many (otherwise intelligent) persons who supposed that etchings were done with pen and ink. Well, this new book is called "The Etching Hobby," is written by William D. Cox, and

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explains what most cultivated people will want to know. It is a work primarily for the general reader, but is also valuable for collectors. It has thirty-one excellent reproductions of etchings; and the various chapters are headed "Engraving," "The Lithograph and the Woodcut," "Familiar Marks, Margins, Proofs, Bookplates, Prices," "Contemporary American Etchers," "Contemporary Foreign Etchers," and there are also separate chapters on Albrecht Dürer, Rembrandt, Whistler. This is a book that ought to have been written; so far from being superfluous, it will fill an empty place.

Virginia Woolf has the critical rather than the creative temperament; her essays are stimulating and illuminating. Her latest book, "The Second Common Reader," has essays on Donne, "Robinson Crusoe," James Woodforde the Diarist, Beau Brummell, Thomas Hardy's Novels, and many others. They are just as good as you thought they would be.

If you liked the humor of "1066 and All That," and you liked it if you read it, you will as certainly enjoy another little volume by the same partners—W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. This is called "And Now All That" and is curiously illustrated by John Reynolds. It is filled with terrific puns and plays on words.

It is generally agreed that in the immediate future there will be plenty of leisure for everybody, whether one wishes it or not, and whether the leisure is voluntary or otherwise. A distinguished scholar, Professor Jacks, made a journey of months through the United States to discuss the proper use of leisure, because he rightly believes that civilization depends on just that thing. Now appears a timely work called "Leisure in the Modern World" by C. Delisle Burnes, written in the manner of a popular address. He discusses leisure for children, for youths, and for adults. If Satan really finds mischief for idle hands to do, Satan is going to be busier than ever; and hitherto he has seemed to be the only person in the universe who has no leisure at all.

Previously I have praised in these columns the Reverend Doctor John Haynes Holmes's edition of Scott's verse; and now, as another tribute to Scott in his centenary year of 1932, we have a selection from his prose, called "The Waverley Pageant," consisting of the best passages from his novels, with introductions by Hugh Walpole, and notes by Wilfred Partington. Hugh Walpole's prefatory remarks are written in a better English style than the chapters they introduce, but Scott does not hold his place in the front rank of English fiction because of stylistic elegance. I wonder how many Americans read Scott today. Those who remember him for the pleasure he gave them in youth will find this volume (662 pages) enchanting. Mark Twain and Stevenson, both of whom expended tremendous labor on perfecting their prose, could not forgive Scott for his carelessness.

Perhaps too many think of the age of Shakespeare as the age of drama; it is not an impertinence to remind readers that the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth were magnificent in everything except electric lighting, and other conveniences that had not been invented. There is no English prose comparable to that of the Authorized Version of the Bible; Bacon's Essays are supreme of their kind. The songs and lyrical verse had a spontaneous melody which modern writers have tried in vain to recapture. Thus I welcome "The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse" edited by the scholarly Sir Edmund Chambers; a handy little volume of over nine hundred pages. It is a marvel of "infinite riches in a little room." I am always interested in any selection from Shakespeare to see what Sonnets will be chosen—the great difficulty, of course, being to decide what shall be omitted. Sir Edmund Chambers takes fifty. The favorite Sonnet of the late Professor Henry A. Beers was

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;

In reading the Sonnets, one is impressed by Shakespeare's physical fear of the English climate, which was as detestable then as it is now. How often he speaks of the brevity of summer, of the rare sunlight, of the coming on of the winter cold; he must have been very sensitive to harsh winds and overcast skies.

Among the best volumes of American poetry published during the last year is "Earth's Processional" by David Morton. He is one of our foremost nature poets. He rejoices in the beauty of Autumn as in the beauty of Summer. I admire the splendid *health* of his verse, and recommend it to the despondent and the timid. Probably one reason why Americans enjoy Autumn and Winter more than foreigners, is because we view these changes with comparatively little personal discomfort; just as it is certain that one reason for the modern love of mountains is that they are no longer perilous as they were in the seventeenth century. Then the Alps were a disagreeable and dangerous barrier on the road to Italy. Very few travellers thought them beautiful.

Those who like an unusual sensation in poetry will do well to read the verses of Doctor Sum Nung Au-Young, Founder and President of the School of Chinese Philosophy. This tiny volume is called "The Rolling Pearl," and has a Foreword by Edwin Markham. The poems show imagination, adoration of beauty, love for humanity, and idealism. They are all written in English but they breathe the spirit of centuries of Oriental traditions.

To the large number of American writers who despise their native land, who are without faith in its future, who "view with alarm," etc., etc., I recommend "The Soul of America," by Arthur Hobson Quinn. This is more thoughtful, more carefully considered, nearer to the truth, than the majority of the wails of our pretentious pessimists.

In judgments on human nature, I have more respect for the opinions of the Headmaster of a boys' school, than for the pronouncements of professional psychologists. If I had to pick a class of men to represent the best in American citizenship, I think I should select the Headmasters and Principals of our great schools. No matter how busy these men are, they should, after the experience of years, give the public the benefit of their observations. Thus I am glad to see a little book called "The Art of Behaviour, A Study in Human Relations," written by Frederick Winsor, the Head of Middlesex School in Concord, Mass. Here is a book for parents to consider.

Through the kindness of Doctor Emanuel de Marnay Baruch, President of the Goethe Society of America, I had the honor of attending the exercises at

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the dedication of the Goethe Monument in Bryant Park, New York, on November 26. The luncheon preceding the outdoor exercises was the most amazing I have ever attended in that, although there were eight or ten speakers, not one spoke over five minutes! I have attended one million public banquets, and this was unique. The occasion was graced by the presence of the German Ambassador to the United States, His Excellency Doctor von Prittwitz und Gaffron. He is a model of what all Ambassadors should be. His extempore address was in fluent and perfect English, his manner had that distinction which only high-bred gentlemen possess, and his scholarship was without pedantry.

William Butler Yeats, who is now in this country, is reported in *The New York Sun* as saying, "I've read O'Neill, but only a few of us know anything about Dreiser, Anderson, and your other writers." Hurrah for Ireland!

The depression accounts for the few additions to the FANO CLUB. But I take pleasure in enrolling the name of C. H. Morse, of the Junior Class in Yale College.

The FAERY QUEENE CLUB is enriched by the addition of Miss Vivien Thurber Barrett, of Brooklyn, who was one of three students in the New Jersey College for Women who read the entire poem. If the other two will send me their names, I will confer upon them immortality.

It is good news for Americans living far from New York that the famous actor, Walter Hampden, is, in Wordsworthian phrase, stepping westward. Last year he made a tremendous success "on the road" with "Cyrano." Beginning late in January, he will tour America all the way to the coast with "Caponsacchi," the beautiful and impressive tragedy made by Arthur Goodrich out of Browning's epic, "The Ring and the Book." As SCRIBNER'S is read in every town in every state, I remind my readers of this important theatrical event, and of the pleasure in store for them.

Harold Waldo, of Auburn, Calif., has been trying the experiment of re-reading extinct best-sellers, with the result that he likes Churchill's "The Crossing" and "The Crisis," and does not care for Stewart Edward White or "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." He adds: "Mary Murfree's books loom like her Great Smoky Mountains. I have read and re-read and read again her 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains' and by the living gods there is an American classic! It equals that other exquisite classic 'The Country of the Pointed Firs' which Willa Cather eulogizes. It has all of that exquisite rightness of word and phrase and character which Miss Cather and Wilder and others strive for."

Some years ago I re-read "Trilby" and it was as fresh and fine as when it first appeared.

The Reverend Doctor Eliot White uses the word *microfy* which was coined in these columns not long ago. He has an excellent article in *The Christian Science Monitor* headed "Microfying the Grand Canyon." And as many of my readers will behold this Wonder of the World in the next few months, let me quote from Doctor White: "a certain hotel daringly perched upon the precipitous north rim of the stupendous gorge of the Grand Canyon. . . . In one of the spacious window plates, there is discerned a diminutive bubble or 'flaw,' which proves, on closer examination, to be a perfect crystaline lens so clearly focussing objects beyond that it can no longer be considered a flaw at all, but rather an enthralling addition to the value of the entire pane."

Doctor White also sends me the following headlines: From *The New York American,* July 15, 1931:

ADULT ALIEN
BORN IN LEAD

meaning that more New Yorkers over 34 years of age were born abroad than in the U. S.

From *The New York Times* of August 2, 1932:

BRITISH HONOR DEAD
ON FIELD OF SOMME

where you must discover in the article that "dead" is a noun.

NEW BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Books marked with an asterisk are recommended for use in reading clubs

*"Flowering Wilderness," by John Galsworthy. Scribners. $2.50.

*"Farewell Miss Julie Logan," by J. M. Barrie. Scribners. $1.

*"Valiant Dust," by P. C. Wren. Stokes. $2.

"Valcour Meets Murder," by Rufus King. Doubleday Doran. $2.

"Rope to Spare," by Philip MacDonald. Doubleday Doran. $2.

*"Journal," by Arnold Bennett. Vol. 2. Viking. $4.

"The Victorian Sunset," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Morrow. $3.50.

*"The Story of Bermuda," by Hudson Strode. H. Smith and R. Haas. $5.

*"The Outlook for Literature," by A. H. Thorndike. Macmillan. $1.50.

*"The Laird of Abbotsford," by Una Pope-Hennessy. Putnams. $3.50.

*"The Waverley Pageant," ed. Walpole. Harpers. $4.

*"The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse," ed. Chambers. Oxford. $3.

*"Earth's Processional," by David Morton. Putnams. $2.

*"The Soul of America," by A. H. Quinn. Univ. of Penn. $3.

*"The Art of Behaviour," by Frederick Winsor. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

*"Oxford English," by R. W. Chapman. Oxford. 50 cents.

*"Love Lyrics from Five Centuries," ed. Harrap. Crowell. $5.

*"Life and Lillian Gish," by L. Gish and A. B. Paine. Macmillan. $3.50.

*"Theatre and Friendship," Henry James, ed. E. Robins. Putnams. $3.50.

*"The Etching Hobby," by William D. Cox. Illustrated. W. F. Payson. $3.

*"The Second Common Reader," by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt Brace. $3.

*"And Now All That," by Sellar and Yeatman. Dutton. $1.75.

*"Leisure in the Modern World," by C. D. Burns. Century. $2.50.

*"The Rolling Pearl," by Sum Nung Au-Young. March & Greenwood. $5.

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The Crisis in Education

ARE WE TAKING IT OUT ON OUR CHILDREN?

By William John Cooper

Federal Commissioner of Education

Doctor Cooper here presents striking evidences of the crippling of education caused by the depression and by the frenzy of economy which is a resultant of the financial conditions. He shows the need for immediate and wisely considered action to preserve our educational standards.

MANY children returning after the holidays found the doors of the schools closed. Other schools are limping along with inadequate teaching force, an inadequate supply of textbooks, obstacles which are seriously limiting the educational advantages of which the American people once boasted. The depression has produced a crisis in education and raises the question of whether we are to consider education a luxury or a fundamental necessity. Despite the financial difficulties in which States, counties and communities find themselves, it is a serious question whether educational facilities should not be strengthened as a community service rather than curtailed, thereby injecting another element of insecurity and demoralization into a situation which has already had enough shocks. Economies can undoubtedly be made, but such economies should be the result of careful study. The obvious methods of decreasing teaching force and cutting textbook appropriations to the minimum may well be the very essence of false economy.

Doctor A. F. Harman, Superintendent of Education for Alabama, predicting that the schools of half the counties in his State would be forced to close at the end of the half term, pointed out that such a situation would result in throwing more than a thousand teachers out of employment and would affect more than 200,000 children. His statement points to two of the many problems confronting the cultural forces in the nation which led to the recent calling of the President's Conference on the Crisis in Education. It was hoped that such a conference would set in motion the orderly survey of conditions and of methods whereby costs may be cut by increasing efficiency rather than by deep slashes in obvious items in the school budget.

Should there be more taxes? Should there be a tax of a different kind? Should the sales tax replace the tax on general property? Is the country itself now too poor to support the kind of an educational system which we have had? Has our free-school period been extended too far? Is it true that the camel's back has been broken by the fact that 53 per cent of those eligible for high school education now take advantage of this opportunity? Or have we built too elaborate buildings? Should we now spend less on buildings? Or should we build now as a means of relieving unemployment? In other words, what is the cause of our present trouble and what is the best remedy? These are some of the questions to be answered.

Reports from city superintendents have been received and tabulated from about half of these officers in the United States. Of the reports of county superintendents, the first four States tabulated were Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, and California. They showed some of the effects of the economic crisis on the schools.

California, it will be recalled, has a State and county aid law by which $700 of State money is distributed to every elementary school having a population of 35 or less in average daily attendance. To this fund is added $700 of county money. The State money comes from taxes on the earnings of certain selected corporations. The county money is levied on the general property of the county as a whole. Therefore each school district in California may have $1400 on which to operate its schools without any local taxation whatever. Even better provision is made for high schools. Therefore the school situation does not reveal the effects of the crisis in this State.

Alabama's condition is very well illustrated by the statement of Doctor Harman referred to above. In that State school funds probably will not permit the majority of the schools to run six

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months this year. Last year two counties closed their schools in the middle of the term and a third cut two months from an average term of seven months. Twenty-three per cent of the schools reporting were operating with an abnormal reduction in equipment and supplies and 25 per cent of the rural schools were doing without much-needed repairs. One county reduced the salaries of grade teachers 25 per cent and high school teachers in excess of 27 per cent. The average reductions for all counties reporting were 12 per cent for elementary teachers and 18 per cent for high school teachers.

In Arkansas conditions were even worse. Between the 1931 and the 1932 terms of school the elementary teachers' salaries in the white schools were reduced 14 per cent, and in the Negro schools 21 per cent. This meant a reduction in median salary from $621 per year in the white elementary schools to $523 per year. In the Negro elementary schools the reduction in the median salary was from $370 per year to $291 per year. In the high schools the condition is not quite so bad. The reduction in one year was for the white schools 11 per cent. In actual figures the median salary was reduced from $1033 to $915. In the Negro high schools the reduction was 9 per cent, from $809 to $733 per year.

In 1930–1931 there were in Arkansas 114 districts holding schools open for 60 days or less. A year later this number had risen to 219 schools for white children. For Negroes there were 57 holding school for this length of term in 1931 and by 1932 this number had risen to 92. It is obvious that the length of term will have some effect upon educational opportunity. If the child has a 6-months school he will have had by the end of 8 years 48 months in an elementary school. This is little enough time in which to get the tools of an education. If, on the other hand, he has but 2 months of school each year in the 8 years he will receive a total of only 16 months. This is a very difficult problem in administration. If the State has some schools which have a session for 180 days, as Arkansas has, and other schools in session for only 60 days or less, there can be no uniformity in the course of study throughout the State. There can be no equality of educational opportunity and yet this condition held last year for over 300 schools districts in that State.

In Arkansas, which was known to be one of the poorest States before the depression, the number of schools which were closed on February 1, 1932, for lack of funds was 725, and the number of pupils enrolled in these schools was 36,865. These schools had operated for the year ending June, 1932, for only 3.9 months. The same schools had operated the year before this for 6.5 months. In other words, 2.6 months of school had been cut off in 1932. The number of schools in the State of Arkansas which were continuing on a tuition or donation basis was 316 and the number of schools which were not paying their teachers in full for the year was 1366. In addition to this, 97 school districts had defaulted in the payment of some $144,574 in principal, and $131,904 in interest. No one can say that pupils who lived in these school districts could possibly have an equality of opportunity with pupils who lived in a district able to keep school open for 180 or 200 days.

The revenue available per child in average daily attendance throughout the State varied in 1932 from $13.65 in Van Buren County to $57.27 in Pulaski County. In other words, an average child in Pulaski County had four times as much revenue back of him to provide education as did the average children of Van Buren County. The length of term is one respect in which the school opportunity of the children who live in the United States differs from that of children who live in every other civilized nation. In France the school term is at least 200 days; in England and Sweden it is at least 210 days; in Germany and Denmark at least 246 days. The average school term in the United States as a whole is 169 days and in cities of 10,000 and over it has been 182 days. This is one of the reasons why the American schools are not now supposed to be as efficient as the schools in Europe. Shall we allow this depression to make it worse?

From Arizona it was reported that some of the counties employed on the average 24 per cent fewer grade teachers and 19 per cent fewer high school teachers last year than they did the year before. Indications, however, are that these reductions are in part accounted for by consolidation. This is undoubtedly a wise economy but it does add to the unemployment of teachers, and so to unemployment generally. Probably consolidation which should go ahead with rapid strides now will further add to the unemployment of teachers. There does not seem to be any way of avoiding this. It is to be hoped, however, that these unemployments will strike the poorly prepared and inefficient teachers, not those who have the longer terms of training or the better preparation.

Reports on the present situation have been received and tabulated from approximately one-half of the cities of the nation of 10,000 population and over. In general, it appears that the pupil enrollment of these cities has increased as a whole 1.39 per cent, due chiefly to continuance in high school and the enrollment of postgraduates. This does not seem to mean very much in terms of percentage, but in terms of a typical city of 100,000, enrolling 17,400 pupils, of which there are 93 in this country, it means an increase of approximately 240 pupils. Ordinarily this would mean adding to the teaching staff 8 teachers. But instead of finding an addition, we find that the teaching staff in a city of this kind has been reduced on the average by 11 teachers and the class size has been increased. In addition to this we find that the teachers' salaries have been reduced over the country at large by 5 per cent. With no other reduction this would mean approximately $50,000 off the budget of our typical city. This is in addition to the fact that the teachers, like all other public servants, are called upon to help carry the unemployed. In New York City alone the teachers' budget for relief has been more than $2,000,000. In some other cities, such as in Chicago, where the teachers have been paid in warrants, these warrants have had to be discounted with the result that there has been a further drastic reduction. The cities generally report also that the assessed valuation on which taxes have been levied has been reduced by 7.5 per cent. In our typical city of 100,000 population and $150,000,000 assessed valuation this drop of 7.5 would mean a drop of $11,250,000 even if the tax rate were not changed. They also report that their

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current expenses have been cut by over 5 per cent.

Very serious reductions have been made in the matter of textbooks. Despite the fact that the appropriation for textbooks represents only about 1.5 per cent of the total school budget, this item has been one of those most affected. As a result pupils are now using old and worn textbooks. This is a matter of great importance in an American school. In a European school where children are taken into the nearby country on excursions and get a lot of their information from what they see and what they are told by the teachers, a textbook is not so important. In this country the teachers are less well prepared and do not remain in the profession for a lifetime. In a State such as Pennsylvania where they remain on the average longer than in most States they stay for only ten years and the textbook is an important factor. If these books are out of date, have pages missing, maps out and other defects, the work of the schools is seriously crippled.

One of the most serious cuts has been made in capital outlays, which is reported lower by 38 per cent. In 1266 cities there are estimated to be 107,000 pupils on part time and 59,000 more are in portable buildings. This failure to build means that large numbers of architects and builders are unemployed. Yet the enrollment, especially in secondary schools, has gone up. Unquestionably the time to build needed classrooms is at the present time. These rooms can be had, however, only by adding to the bonded indebtedness of the district or by increased taxation at the present time. It does not appear that the people in these various districts are ready to vote for additional buildings. Yet the time to build public buildings is when private building is lax. Much more can be obtained in school buildings under present conditions than can be had when all the builders are employed on private work. Yet cuts in the budget seem to be unavoidable.

A city of less than 50,000 population in Indiana which in 1929 reported a budget of $1,026,101.52 reduced this in 1930 by approximately 10 per cent or to $905,651.00. In 1931 it was reduced again and in 1932 it stood at $725,342.28 or a reduction of more than 25 per cent in the four-year period. Such cuts are becoming more prevalent as the depression period is prolonged.

Wherever the schools were extravagantly operated the depression is squeezing out the water. This is a gain for real education. It is in the poor rural districts especially that help is now needed. Frequently the trustees of these districts are trying to keep their schools against consolidation movements. Yet improvements in roads and improved methods of transportation make many small schools unnecessary and wasteful.

From New Mexico we have a report which reads: "For the school year 1931–32 one entire county (Taos) reported an average length of school term of 103 days for the elementary school; another county (Rio Arriba) reported an average length of school term of 120 days which means that some of the districts taught less than 6 months." Superintendent Taylor reports, "There are a few school districts in Nebraska which are rather heavily involved in the main due to carelessness on the part of school boards, school executives and in some cases the voters of the district."

Superintendent Callahan of Wisconsin writes, "We seem to be headed into a year or two of rather trying situations as far as the schools are concerned."

Superintendent Packard from Maine says, "In the north section of the State, notably in Aroostook County, reports have come to me of the possibility of failure to maintain schools throughout the year. Several of these towns are facing very distressing conditions."

From Iowa, where there are many small districts and where bank failures have been common, we get this report from the State Superintendent, Agnes Samuelson: "The closing of many Iowa banks has tied up the funds not only of schools and districts, but also of private individuals and if conditions do not improve in the coming year it is difficult to predict what will happen in Iowa. The fact that 95 per cent of the cost of financing our public schools comes from property taxation has intensified the need for a complete revision of our system of supporting public education. Our administrative units are small and we have more school officers than teachers."

The National Survey of School Finance has gone far enough to deal with this whole question of State support of education. It now appears clear that the State and the nation together must finance the schools. This cannot be done unless legislatures of the various States take some drastic action with regard to local control in many States. Situations such as exist in the State of Iowa should no longer be permitted. If each legislature would provide for a State board of education elected by the people which would appoint the State superintendent or commissioner of education for an indefinite time it would make a great difference. The State could then assume the support of the schools since it would have a State official in actual control who could make a report for the State at large. To equalize educational opportunity for the whole nation only a special fund from the Federal Government would be required. Last year about $10,000,000 was distributed to the various States in aid of vocational education. It is true right now the Federal Government is having a difficult time financing the projects which have already been loaded upon it and balancing its budget. It seems, though, that in a country as rich as ours we should be able to do as well by our schools as European countries do by theirs. And it would seem that we can sacrifice many other things before we "take it out on the children" by handicapping them in facing a world which demands in order to cope with it all the resourcefulness and intelligence which can be mustered.

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Two Poems by Conrad Aiken

LET US PRAISE THE VOICE

But let us praise the voice the lonely voice
but let us praise the leaf that is the first
but let us praise the syllable the only
that syllable which is the seed of worlds

why we are walking and our lives are speech
you with a word and I with answering word
here we are walking in a world of omens
the leaves are in our hands and we exchange

what was it that you said what word was that
what sound was that my tongue gave back in answer
what touch was this of rock that brought its meaning
here in this field that is a gift of stars

here in this grass that is a gift of tongues
here in this light that is a gift of suns
here in this nearness that is a gift of space
here in this love that is a gift of face

love let us praise the voice and then deny it
let us adore denial and revile it
cross the field of stars and then forget it
love the face in space the space in face

let us adore together the vile atom
that fetched us here and gives us words to say it
simple simplicities in simple nothing
walking together in the field of death

love let us cross the field and then absolve it
despise our human moment and forgive it
revere our fear of godhead and remove it
rejoice in voice and then rejoice in sleep.

DEMON

But I have speech saved up against that demon
and I will fend her off and keep her from me
say to her from the deathbed's edge-back monster—
back to your shadow you who are shadow only
—yes yes and should this adjuration fail me
why from the hell of memory I'll summon
the lightning word, the word of fire, and speak
once and once only—

then will that foulness falter,
grovel, fall down, and on low haunches crawl,
slink, become one with the shadow beside the wall
back to her nether world of nether natures—
ah that low shape who has usurped our wings
to be an angel too—

but it is not like this;
no, for the lightning word,
that word of wings which silence gave a mouth,
unspoken which was spoken, unbreakable broken,
darkness made wild with light—

O pitiful self,
who of these shapes and shames make all thy meaning
and draw thy being from disease of chaos
who of disasters makest thy quick joy
and now so fearest the womb of night that bore thee:
who when called back would exorcise thy mother
would hate her, fear her, spit contempt upon her,
disown the shadow that gave thee shape—

speak from the bed's edge, fool, your lightning word:
she will expect it as the earth expects it:
she will expect you as the earth expects you:
your word was only self, and this she knew;
it is the lightning's speech; but darkness, too,
has words; and these await you, when you come
into the rock that is your home.

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